CHRISTMAS WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 2, 1916
PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

NUMBER



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CHRISTMAS BELLES AND CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS



The
Sign and
High Quality
Unchanged
for Twenty-five
Years



# Columbia Grafonola

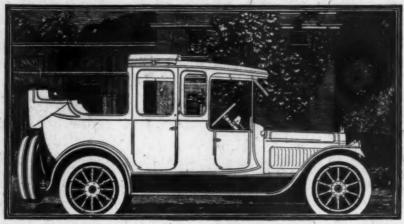
HE minstrels who sang of the "tidings of great joy" in the days of long ago are supplanted by the minstrels of modern days, the most versatile, accomplished of all entertainers—the Columbia Grafonola, with Columbia Records.

The Columbia Grafonola is the "gift supreme"—a gift that not even monarchs could dream of bestowing in the days of minstrelsy. It is a gift around which more dreams are woven, which brings more pleasure day after day, than any other gift you may give or receive—and it is a gift within the means of all.

Give music this Christmas—a Columbia Grafonola; or an appropriate assortment of Columbia Records to owners of instruments. Your dealer will gladly help you select them—and he has records to suit every taste. You know what your friends and your family like, so you can easily solve the gift question for all at your Columbia dealer's today.

New Columbia Records on sale the 20th of every month.

The instrument illustrated is the \$200 Grafonola. Prices in Canada plus duty.



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This winter—for sheltered comfort, health insurance, travel independence. Next spring and summer—for all these, coupled with the joys of far-range country touring.

Protection from cold and snow, from dust and wind and rain.

Plus the deep satisfaction which comes from knowing that, go where you please, you carry with you always the atmosphere of refined and substantial elegance.

The surplus power of the silent twelve-cylinder engine

gives to the enclosed Packard the velvety action—the wide range—of the Twin-six touring car.

And the unmatched riding comfort of the Packard body has been further enhanced by many new and marked improvements.

Until you have experienced at first hand this rich harmony of power and beauty, you cannot appreciate all that it means in sumptuous ease—for you.

Twenty-one styles of open and closed cars. Prices—from \$2865 to \$4915, at Detroit.

Ask the man who owns one





## "America's Cleverest Weekly"

BEGS to announce that it has made arrangements to enlist the services of the most brilliant American and European humorists and satirists as well as the cleverest and most gifted artists here and abroad.

The master minds of American and foreign humor and satire, in art and literature, will be represented in the pages of PUCK by their best productions, so that PUCK will rank as "America's Cleverest International Weekly."

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A series of striking, frank and intimate interviews with the men at the helm of the world's governments, will appear in PUCK, giving you a new insight into the souls of the so-called great men, crowned or uncrowned, who are directing millions of human beings as puppets in the game of life.

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You cannot afford to miss the satirical masterpiece, which is to be followed a week later by an absorbing interview with the Kaiser.

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Every Week

It is different

Born 1820
—still going strong.



Friend: " EVERYTHING COMES TO HIM WHO WAITS."

Host: "That may be, but im not going to wait any longer for our brop of 'Johnnie Walker' Red Label-ring the bell."

—and when it comes he will—if he is wise—satisfy himself that it comes out of the famous "Johnnie Walker" non-refillable bottle.

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FORCE OF HABIT

HACY WITH THE BUILT THE PARTY OF THE PARTY OF

- Drawn by R. Van Buren



Puck predicts that Colonel Harvey will make a long, long explanation of his famous presidential forecast of a Hughes landslide. Puck expects that no one will be in the slightest degree interested in it. Puck believes and hopes that neither Colonel Harvey's immaculate English, nor his consummate conceit, will suffer from the sad blow.

Intercepted In Transit—To the ex-Judge, ex-Governor, ex-Candidate: Have expected all along that it would turn out like this. Let's forget the past and look to the future. What about a quiet lunch alone with me at Oyster Bay to talk over plans for 1920? Turn about is fair play—T. R.

The Judge is sincerely grateful to the Colonel for the friendly assurance that there will be no dictation in the little matter of the next Cabinet.

The Association for the Prevention and Relief of Heart Disease has been incorporated in New York. It should find a rich field for its work among the members of the Republican and Démocratic National Committees.

The Allies are getting "all het up" because of a discovery that German aviators use explosive bullets. Why should it be barbarous to use explosive bullets and entirely humane to use explosive bombs? War is hell — to understand.

The scope of female labor has become so wide in England, a well known engineer recently stated, that in a little while, it will be possible to build an entire battleship by women workers. In which event, we trust that a nice, dapper man will be given the job of christening her. Some line of endeavor besides getting killed must be kept open to men.

"Send us Roosevelt! Before the war comes to an end, send us Roosevelt to go into the French trenches."

— Gabriel Hanotaux.

Let's see; what are the Parcels Post rates to foreign countries?

Now that a woman has been elected to Congress — Montana did it — the Pork Barrel will doubtless be decorated with ribbons and known hereafter as the Pork Receiver.

Lawyer's think that Charles E, Hughes could easily build up a practice of \$50,000 a year. We hope he will succeed in getting better answers out of witnesses than Uncle Sam succeeded in getting out of him, during the campaign.

The Society for the Prevention of Useless. Giving has not been so spugnacious the past few seasons.

A newspaper of this town, reporting Election night gaieties, remarks that the—Hotel "soused a record throng." We presume it should have read "housed," but perhaps not, perhaps not. Truth is not always crushed to earth.

Revise a certain well known quotation to read: "Faith, Chairman Willcox and Charity; these three, and the greatest of these is Chairman Willcox." A Society reporter speaks of "one of last year's girls." We hope a last year's girl is not socially synonymous with a last year's car.

"Step to our sides as volunteers in order to help complete our victories over your oppressor."

— The Germans to the Poles.

Volunteers in the same sense that a white slave is a volunteer.

Two students have fled Yale University for parts and work unmentioned, because it is "a stigma to be known only as a rich man's son." Such is life! Eather works his head off for the sake of the little ones at home, and then, when he is successful, the little ones at home can't stand the shame of it.

Errand Boy's toil wins seat on 'Change and Partnership.

— News Headline.

Boy, page Oliver Optic and Horatio Alger, Jr.

Perkins and Roosevelt fought for "social justice" in 1912. They got it good and plenty in 1916. Everything comes to him who waits.

The votes of women swung much of the West to Wilson. There should be no doubt in the minds of the Hughesettes, who toured the West thoroughly, that their Western sisters know how to use the ballot intelligently, and unquestionably are entitled to it.

The craze for Hawaiian melodies has practically depopulated the islands of their native musicians.

— The news from the Pacific.

From the standpoint of the New York restaurant patron, this should make Hawaii a charming place to visit.





## THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses by Berton Braley

"Dear Santa," writes Britain,
"Zeppelins that flit in
The air, and the U-boats at sea,
Disturb us; please send 'em
Where our guns can end 'em,
The poor old consumer
In rather ill humor,
Addresses his note: "Dear St. Nick,
With foodstuffs all leaping
In cost, I'm not sleeping,

Where our guns can end 'em,

We're sick of these raids as can be." My worries are making me sick;

Rumania's letter
Is: "Please send us better
And lots bigger guns, P. D. Q.
They're needed, don't doubt it,
And — while you're about it
You might send some heavy snow, too.

While some folk are cinching
Great wealth, I am pinching
And squeezing each nickel and cent.
My state is most shocking.
Please put in my stocking
A gift of low prices — and rent."

Drawings by Merle Johnson

The G. O. P.'s writing
To Santa, inditing
A note that's a desperate call.
"Give us California,"
It says, "Or we warn yuh,
We'll swear you're a fiction, that's all!"

Well, Santa peruses
These missives; then uses
His judgment, and whips up his deer.
From pole to the Isthmus,
He'll spread gifts for Christmas;
May yours be a glad one, this year!



Some real wintry weather
Might halt altogether
The Germans, or hamper their pace;
If something would slow them
Perhaps we might show them,
A battle instead of a race."

Says Serbia: "Santy,
Our riches are scanty,
By alien hosts we are bossed;
But, fat saint so pleasant,
We ask for no present,
We'll win back, by arms, what we lost."



The topers' condition
Grows tough. Prohibition
Has dried up four states that were wet;
But there's consolation
For their situation—
Peruna's still easy to get.

With Christmas impending,
The children are sending
Their letters to Santa Claus; yes,
And missives of pleading
The good saint is reading
From many a grown-up, we guess.

For, "Dear Old Kris Kringle,"
Writes Wilhelm, "one single
Lone gift I am asking, I vow;
My future holds worry;
Bring peace—in a hurry!
Don't wait until Christmas, come now!"









WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 2, 1916

## A Retrospect of a Great Political Victory

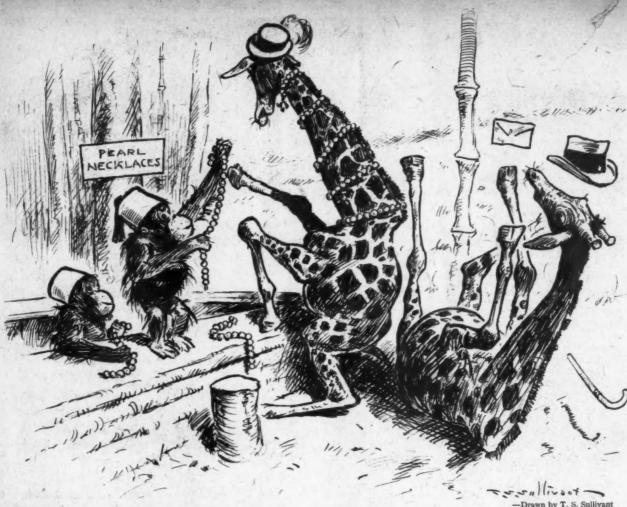
AMPAIGN issues are often soap bubbles filled with air by gesticulating stump-speakers, only to dissolve into mist the morning after election. This was not true of the 1916 Presidential campaign. There were great and important issues to be determined—issues merely represented by the two candidates. The financial interests on one side tried to conceal this fact by calling attention to the similarity between their candidate and the President. The best they could in truth say of their candidate was that he was much like the man they wished to have him displace. But the identity was on the surface, the differences were purposely hidden. Seldom, if ever, have presidential candidates been personally as much alike; perhaps never in our history have the forces back of them been as conspicuously opposite. Certainly, never in our history have so many loyal citizens felt that a defeat for the Administration would be a blow to their whole idea of Americanism; that to see a man who had done so much for American peace and American progress defeated at the hands of high finance and foreign influence, would shake their whole faith in the possibility of a real government by the people.

A record of legislative achievement unique in our history left in its wake a wreckage of enmity unique in its bitterness. The various interests attacked and offended by the Wilson record of constructive legislation were forced, willingly or unwillingly, to unite in mutual self-defence. They chose as their candidate an upright and worthy man, but they did not blind the American people to the real facts.

It is important that a great and good man has been sustained and maintained in office. It is important that an administration unique in the history of our country for forwardlooking, progressive legislation should be kept in power. It is important that continuity of policy in handling a most intricate foreign situation is now assured. But, most important of all, this election gave the lie to Europeans who claimed that race ties were the essence of nationality, and that America a melting pot of many peoples was an impossibility. They tried to prove, and certain elements among us tried to help them, that we were composed of mutually hostile groups each group tied to a foreign potentate. We proved ourselves a united people defying such calumny and sedition. We have proved that a common hatred of despots and monarchy, a common love of liberty and a devotion to justice, is an all-sufficient cement for a nation.

For all of this Puck takes some credit. To millions of readers throughout the country, both through our own pages and through extensive paid advertising in the pages of the daily press, we brought the message that a vote for Hughes was a vote for sedition and war, a vote to disintegrate America. In thousands of clubs throughout the United States, Puck, bearing this message, was talking directly to tens of thousands of voters. In every transcontinental train going West and East, Puck told the story in cartoon and text to travelers and readers. In every library in the country, Puck was carrying, week after week, the message that a vote for Wilson was a vote for social justice and honorable peace. The week before election, the front cover of Puck, displayed on every news-stand in the United States, bore in flaming red our slogan: "If you want honorable Peace and continued Prosperity vote for Wilson; if you want war and all its horrors vote for Hughes." We are gratified by President Wilson's re-election in a double measure because we feel we can rightly claim some small share in bringing about the glorious result.

nother Straws, gr.



Don't blame Mr. Giraffe for fainting. You'd faint if your wife had room for six or eight necklaces.

#### Santa's Confession

Willie, at first glance, thought it was Santa Claus. And when he looked again, he was sure of it. Indeed, there couldn't be the slightest doubt.

There he stood, fur, white whiskers and all, right in the middle of Willie's room, and gazing right down at him. It was Santa Claus beyond question, but what a look he wore on his face! What an expression for Santa Claus on Christmas Evel It seemed to Willie as though the dear old gentleman were about to break down and cry.

"Willie," said Santa, with something like a sob behind his whiskers.

"Yes, sir," said Willie, his every nerve tingling.

"Willie, I have a confession to make. I fear it will prove very painful to you, as indeed it is to me. I —"

Santa Claus sank into Willie's little rocking chair and Willie could hear it crack with Santa's bulk.

spring, agents of the Allies visited my factory and looked over the plant. At first I told them, No; that I wouldn't. But they hung around, refused to take No for an answer, and finally made me such a tempting offer that I couldn't—"

Santa Claus put his hand on Willie's shoulder.

"—couldn't afford to resist any longer, so I signed a contract. I haven't made any toys at my place this year, Willie. Night and day, I've been turning out nothing but—"

Santa Claus hung his head and shook with the sobs of remorse.

"- nothing but war munitions, Willie."

"Mamma! Ma-a-a-a-a-a-a ma!"

"What is it, Willie? Didn't I tell you to go right to sleep?"

"I've been asleep, Mamma, but I just had a terrible, terrible dream."

#### A Christmas Nightmare

Beware, beware of ye Christmas Tie
That generous Womenkind love to buy!
It grippeth ye Throat with a Strangle-hold;
Its Colors be Crimson and Green and Gold;
It shameth ye Wearer with Shame untold,
Till that he were fain to die.

Beware, beware of ye Gift Cigar
Compounded of Cabbage-leaf, Rope and Tar!
It fumeth with Odor of Burning Hair;
It filleth ye Bosom with Dark Despair;
Its Cost is ye Half of a Tramway Fare —
And then it is Over Par.

But thrice beware of ye Gimerack fine,—Ye satiny Trifle of quaint Design:
Say, is it for Collars, or Studs, pardie?
Or is it to wear for ye World to see?
Whatever ye Purpose thereof may be,
Oh, how shall a Man divine!

- Arthur Guiterman

#### Jenkins' Only Crime

Jenkins was not naturally a criminal. On the contrary, he was known in the neighborhood as a model citizen, despite his minor faults. This was an impulse. It came over him in an instant and took complete possession of him.

The family upstairs was moving, and dusky Ethiopians were engaged in lowering the player-piano. Ah, that player-piano! What a life it had led Jenkins and his home circle since Christmas! What havoc it had played with his rest! How it had jangled and fox-trotted its way through the long winter evenings! How it had disturbed the peace of his Sunday mornings! Now, suspended by a thread - or to be accurate, a couple of ropes - it was just below Jenkins' living-room window.

It was now or never. Rushing swiftly to the bath-room, Jenkins brought his sharpest/razor. ' A perfect demon possessed him - a perfect demon of revenge. His window was open and he peered cautiously out and down. The men had stopped lowering the hated instrument, and it was swinging ponderously some 25 feet from the sidewalk. The latter was clear of people.

Heavens, how near the ropes were! Should he do it now? He hesitated. Then a recollection of the past few months surged over him like a tidal wave. One more look at the sidewalk, and out in the sunlight flashes his razor-blade. The rope were taut; the blade



WIFE (whose husband went to neighbor's to dress as Santa Claus for the children): "Dear me! I wonder what has become of Daddy!"

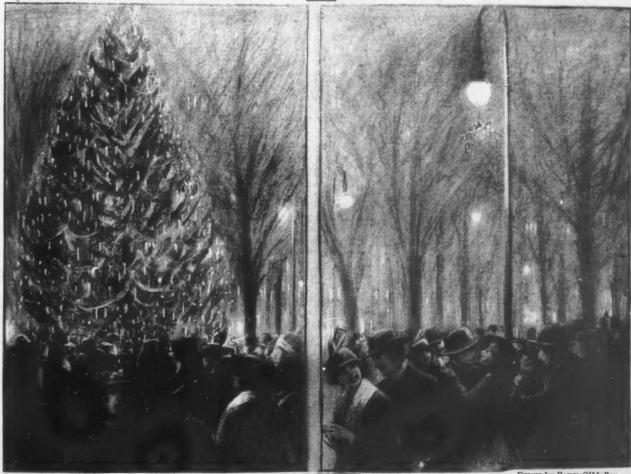
newly sharpened. Three seconds, and it was all over. The player-piano lay in the gutter, its fox-trots still forever. Nobody was hurt but the piano, but O, the piano!

"Vengeance is mine!" cried Jenkins, innocently looking from his window to see what had happened, and deftly fraying the rope so it would seem like an accident.

WILLIS: That new baby of mine is the smartest kid in the world

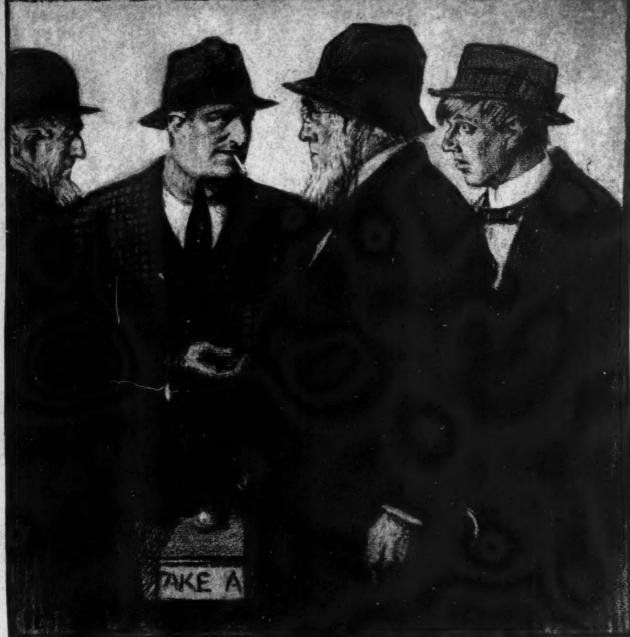
GILLIS: That's what they all say. You can't prove it.

WILLIS: I sure can. If you don't believe me, just ask the kid's mother and grand-



If a public Christmas tree, why not a public mistletoe?

Drawn by Power O'Malley



#### The Modern Farm

CITY MAN: I suppose the circus fellows still put their posters on your little old red barn, Si?

FARMER: No; but I just got a handsome bonus from the Wobblecar Automobile Company to let them put a mammoth electric advertising sign on the top of my new five-story hen-coop.

"Papa is awful stingy."

"How so?"

"We all chipped in to buy a present for Mamma. He put in \$10.00 and the rest of us put in a nickel apiece."

'Well?"

The present cost only ten dollars and now he won't give us our money back."

## A BUNCH OF EVERGREENS

"Anticipation is always greater than realization!"

"Not always! I anticipate giving about three presents this Christmas - but gee if I get off with thirty, I'll be lucky!"

"What do you want me to give you for Christmas?"

"Well, remember, dear, it isn't what you give that counts, it's -

"I know; it's what I give for it that counts."

"How did you and your mamma enjoy

"We both had hard luck. I got a new doll and mamma got a new husband and

they were both broke inside of a week."

#### Unacquainted

TEACHER: Do you know the population of New York?

Mamie Backrow: Not all of them, ma'am, but then, we've only lived here two years.

BESS: Did he get his money honorably? Belle: Well, no -- he got most of it by not giving Christmas presents!

Mororist: I must have time to consult a lawyer - so please postpone the case for a week, or two! Then I'll take an appeal, and

COUNTRY JUSTICE (to constable): Say, Jake, this guy was never guilty of speeding! You're discharged!

#### The Little Known Wife of The Well Known Santa Claus!

Being an Exclusive Interview With Mary Louise Claus, a Woman of Charm and Personality.

It was a long journey to the suburban home of the Santa Clauses, and their quaint little house is hidden from the road and public gaze by evergreens. The house is distinctive from the fact that it has many chimneys and no doors. The interviewer had no difficulty in making descent down the front chimney. A cozy fire was noticed blazing on the hearth as we slid past the blazing logs into the room.

Mary Louise Claus came forward with a

cordial welcome.

"I'm sorry," she began, "but Mr. Claus can see no one, as this is his busy season, but if there is any message - "

"I have come to interview you," the

reporter informed her.

A look of surprise and pleasure lighted up her gentle old face. "I don't know that I have anything very interesting to say," she said. "Of course, I've always been active in Mr. Claus's business, and when the Christmas trade was larger even than it is now I always kept in the background. You see Mr. Claus had so much personality that we never thought the public would be interested in hearing about me."

There was a wistful something in Mrs. Claus's face which led the interviewer to believe that in spite of her shy self-depreciation, Mary Louise Claus was hungry for a few crumbs of recognition for the part that had been her's in building up her husband's

"Santy has rather old fashioned ideas about women," she admitted. "Even in his Christmas business he has come near to losing out by not keeping up with the progress of the times. It took me a long time to convince him that his line of celluloid articles and plush cases full of impossible nail and sewing utensils was out of date. He will stick so to staples."

"Perhaps you may not know it, but I was the one responsible for the useful Christmas present. Santy had an antiquated idea that a Christmas present must be useless. I might add that it was a man's point of view."

"Are you an advocate of Woman's Suffrage?" she was asked.

"I should say I am," affirmed Mrs. Claus, her bright eyes snapping. "Now I don't want to say this for publication, of course, but confidentially, I am the real brains of this whole organization. I've kept Christmas alive with my sentiment, and Goodness knows! I do all the work. All that man does is to rig himself in his best red suit and make one business trip a year.

"I've often wished that he'd take me on one of his trips. I'd like to see something of the world, too, especially of late years since he got his automobile."

"Perhaps the time will come," suggested the reporter, "when the world will demand a lady Santa Claus."

"I know that I could fill the bill and satisfy the trade," said Mrs. Claus, modestly.

As the interviewer was flecking a bit of white cotton batting snow from her sleeve so brusque.



Drawn by Fred Wales But I don't believe in Santa Claus!" "I know, Johnny, but not so loud. I think baby still believes in him and I am sure Mother does.

Mrs. Claus asked suddenly: "Wouldn't you like to look through our sample room?"

She led the way to the large building in the rear of the cottage. Built in the shape of a Noah's ark, it contained every kind of Christmas present that had ever been given.

"Do you anticipate that this will be a big Christmas?"

"Yes, better than the past few years," she said. "Mail orders are coming in drifts. I'm afraid that we won't be able to fill them all," she sighed. - Helena Smith-Dayton.



He (regretfully): "If there'd only been a sprig of mistletoe handy, I need not have been

## A PRACTICAL SANTA CLAUS

I met Kris Kringle, faithful soul,
Within his toy-shop by the Pole,
In many a pack and many a roll
His gifts preparing.
But soon he put his labors by
And, with a spy-glass to his eye,
Lingered with an un-Christmas sigh,
Toward Europe staring.

"Goodness!" he said, "it quite annoys— Just see the pile of broken toys Which yesteryear I gave my boys For reckless playing! The bombs and ammunition trains, The howitzers and aeroplanes, The fearless courage and the brains For war's arraying!

"The money, too, I gave: I guess
A hundred billion, more or less,
Is what it cost — but I confess
I can't keep track, sir.
Though Yule should be the time of cash,
And toys, they say, are built to smash,
That gory, burned, chaotic crash
Looks rather black, sir.

"I don't agree with certain fools,
That cannon are the Devil's tools,
And Claudie Kitchin's musty drools
Offend the reason:
When Huns invade with horrors vast,
The sword must hold our borders fast.
But, heaven knows, I hope we're past



"E'en now, I see by every sign,
The Huns concealed behind the Rhine;
And pity in this breast of mine
Is swiftly swelling.
Say, shall I fill my Christmas packs
With all that ravished Europe lacks,
Plows for their farms, clothes for their backs,
Food for each dwelling?

"I can't restore in this, my day, The eyes and limbs they've blown away, Bring youth again to soldiers grey,

Too early blighted;
But I can give once more to these
The happy children at their knees,
The homes, the lands, the industries
Too long they've slighted.

"Yes, For in Nineteen Seventeen
Europe will show a change of scene;
For blasted plains deep fields of green
And peaceful pipin';
I'll give each hero, then, his praise,
His well-deserved crown of bays,
And every man his length of days
In which to ripen.

"And so, that Europe may be spared Another war, I have prepared A special gift for him who fared As Civilizer."

A ticket Santa showed to me

Marked: "To Perdition — one way — free.

Good for the Whole Durned Familee

Of Bill the Kaiser."

-Wallace Irwin



### THE ERRORS OF SANTA CLAUS

By Stephen Leacock



TT was Christmas Eve.

The Browns, who lived in the adjoining house, had been dining with the Joneses.

Brown and Jones were sitting over wine and walnuts at the table. The others had gone upstairs.

"What are you giving to your boy for Christmas?" asked Brown.

"A train," said Jones, "new kind of thing -automatic."

"Let's have a look at it," said Brown.

Jones fetched a parcel from the sideboard and began unwrapping it.

"Ingenious thing, isn't it?" he said, "goes on its own rails. Queer how kids love to play with trains, isn't it?"

"Yes," assented Brown, "how are the rails fixed?"

"Wait, I'll show you," said Jones, "just help me to shove these dinner things aside and roll back the cloth. There! See! You lay the rails like that and fasten them at the ends so—"

"Oh, yes, I catch on, makes a grade doesn't it? Just the thing to amuse a child, isn't it? I got Willie a toy aeroplane."

"I know, they're great. I got Edwin one on his birthday. But I thought I'd get him a train this time. I told him Santa Claus was going to bring him something altogether new this time. Edwin, of course, believes in Santa Claus absolutely. Say, look at this locomotive, would you? It has a spring coiled up inside the fire-box."

"Wind her up," said Brown with great interest, "let's see her go."

"All right," said Jones, "just pile up two or three plates or something to lean the end of the rails on. There, notice the way it buzzes before it starts. Isn't that a great thing for a kid, eh?"

"Yes," said Brown, "and say! see this string to pull the whistle. By Gad, it toots, eh? Just like real?"

"Now then, Brown," Jones went on, "You hitch on those cars and I'll start her. I'll be engineer, eh!"

Half an hour later Brown and Jones were still playing trains on the dining-room table. But their wives upstairs in the drawingroom hardly noticed their absence. They were too much interested.

"Oh, I think its perfectly sweet," said Mrs. Brown, "just the loveliest doll I've seen in years. I must get one like it for Ulvina. Won't Clarisse be perfectly enchanted?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Jones, "and then she'll have all the fun of arranging the

dresses. Children love that so much. Look there are three little dresses with the doll, aren't they cute? All cut out and ready to stitch together."

"Oh, how perfectly lovely," exclaimed Mrs. Brown, "I think the mauve one would suit the doll best—don't you?—with such golden hair—only don't you think it would make it much nicer to turn back the collar, so, and to put a little band, so?"

"What a good idea!" said Mrs. Jones, "do let's try it. Just wait, I'll get a needle in a minute. I'll tell Clarisse that Santa Claus sewed it himself. The child believes in Santa Claus absolutely."

. . . . . . . . . . . .

And half an hour later Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Brown were so busy stitching dolls' clothes that they could not hear the roaring of the little train up and down the dining table, and had no idea of what the four children were doing.

Nor did the children miss their mothers. "Dandy, aren't they?" Edwin Jones was saying to little Willie Brown, as they sat in Edwin's bedroom. "A hundred in a box, with cork tips, and see, an amber mouthpiece that fits into a little case at the side. Good present for dad, eh?"

"Fine!" said Willie, appreciatively, "I'm

giving father cigars."

"I know, I thought of cigars too. Men always like cigars and cigarettes, You can't go wrong on them. Say, would you like to try one of these cigarettes? We can take them from the bottom. You'll like them, they're Russian, away ahead of Egyptian."

"Thanks," answered Willie. "I'd like one immensely. I only started smoking last spring—on my twelfth birthday. I think a feller's a fool to begin smoking too soon, don't you? It stunts him. I waited till I was twelve."

"Me too," said Edwin as they lighted their cigarettes. "In fact, I wouldn't buy them now if it weren't for dad. I simply had to give him something from Santa Claus. He believes in Santa Claus absolutely, you know."

And while this was going on, Clarisse was showing little Ulvina the absolutely lovely little bridge set that she got for her mother. "Aren't these markers perfectly charming?" said Ulvina, "and don't you love this little Dutch design—or is it Flemish, darling?"

"Dutch," said Clarisse, "Isn't it quaint? And aren't these the dearest little things—for putting the money in when you play. I needn't have got them with it—they'd have sold the rest separately—but I think it's too utterly slow playing without money, don't you?"

"Oh, abominable," shuddered Ulvina, "but your mamma never plays for money, does she?"

"Mamma! Oh, gracious no. Mamma's far too slow for that. But I shall tell her that Santa Claus insisted in putting in the little money boxes."

"I suppose sleebelieves in Santa Claus, just as my mamma does."

"Oh, absolutely," said Clarisse, and

(Continued on page 48)

A Bachelor's Christmas
Christmas means a lot to me—
Fm a lucky fellow!
For it brings me sofa-cushions,
Red, and green, and yellow,
Purple, blue, and black-and-gold,
Indian heads and willows;
Christmas means a lot to me—
Lots of sofa-pillows!

Alice sends them first of all;
Next along comes Jenny.
On each card is written: "Dear,
You can't have too many!"
Then the parcel-postman rings,
'Neath his burdens hidden:
Pillows, pillows! . . Lady-loves,
This should be forbidden!

Stacked my room is with your gifts;
Think me not ungrateful,
But I have no space to move!
Would you think it hateful
If I entertained you all
In my snug apartment,
So that Nora might discern
What to Kitty art meant?—

So that each of you could see
Forty dozen pillows,
Piled upon one tiny couch
High as ocean billows?
I would give a party, dears,
In my little tomb, girls;
I would entertain you all—
If I had the room, girls!

-Charles Hanson Towne

#### An Eye for an Eye

"Minerva, what are you giving your dear friend Verbena for Christmas?"

"I'm giving her a hand-painted gas-stove lighter, Mother. It costs \$1.85."

"Heavens, child! All that Verbena gave you last Christmas was a pressed-glass glue bottle with a 79-cent price mark on the bottom. You must give Verbena something for 79 cents."

"I had intended to do so, but everything had gone up on account of the war."

"Nonsense, my child! I will let you give her the embroidered key-ring polisher that your Aunt Nostalgia gave me last year."

"But what would Verbena do with a keyring polisher, Mother?"

"Why, you foolish child! She would do what I did with it — save it for one or two Christmases and then give it away again."

"But what if she should make a mistake and give it back to us next Christmas, Mother?"

"That is the risk we must run, my child; but let us hope for the best."

"I think that Christmas is a very stupid affair, don't you, Mother?"

"Not at all, my dear! It is a beautiful holiday, filled with happiness and good cheer. Now run and get your hand-painted gas-stove lighter, Minerva, and we'll see who we can palm it off on."



This year's girl can hang up her shoes at Christmas.



"All right, Mum, I'll clear yer walk for yer, but ye've got to recognize the Snow Shovelers' Union."



Dealers and green to Olivic Harman

## A Sad Christmas Eve

When Santa Claus to Eden eame,
No wonder Eve was discontented;
With ne'er a stocking to her name,
And Christmas Day not yet invented.



Drawn by Everett Shinn

"What are you looking for, pop?"

"That's just like Bill, to send us a Christmas box and forget all about that Ford we wanted."

### MANNA

By Ralph Barton

#### SCENE I.

## The interior of a restaurant on Washington Heights

(It is Christmas Eve . . . Boreas, a stage hand with no beliefs about the force of subtlety, grasps the handle of the wind machine and makes it roar as THE WAN WAYFARER opens the door and enters the restaurant. All the diners turn and glare reproachfully at him because - I was about to say, because he left the door open long enough to let in some fresh air, but that would not have been the truth. The diners all glare reproachfully at THE WAN WAYFARER because he seems precisely the type which will endure being stared at reproachfully without flattening somebody's nose for it. He has, in fact, the physiognomy of a persecuted saint and wears the expression of one who has just done some shameful thing. He stumbles between the tables to a seat in a rear corner. A waiter comes up and collects, with one glistening, purple hand, the various receptacles for salt, pepper, oil, etc., whilst with a towel in the other hand he deftly traces a long smear of à l'espagnole onto the cloth in the feint of brushing off crumbs that are not there. He hastily covers the fattest portion of the smear with an ash tray, straightens. up and looks long and searchingly into THE WAYFARER'S face. Once or twice he begins to speak and as many times thinks better of it. At length, with the air of a man risking all on a venture, he begins.)

THE WAITER: וואס ווילם איהר הייטע אבענד עסעו ?

THE WAN WAYFARER (starts violently and looks around like a man who has accidentally stepped into a Y. W. C. A.). ? ? ?

THE WAITER (hastening to correct his error with another long shot, tries German): Was wünschen zu essen heute Abend?

THE WAN WAYFARER (tries to rise). !!!
THE WAITER (pushing him back into his chair.
After gazing for a long time into his eyes, he
essays French): Qu'est-ce monsieur va manger ce soir? (Notes his failure and tries
Spanish): ?Que comerá ésta noche?
(Then Italian): Che cosa mangerá questa
sera?

THE WAN WAYFARER (makes a desperate effort to get to his coat and hat). !!!!

THE WAITER (bearing down upon him with a do-or-die look tries Swedish); Hvad Önskar ni att ha till at Ata i afton? (And Danish): Hvad Önsker De at spise i Aften? (Howling Hungarian): Mit eszik ma este? (Pauses, mops his brow and returns to the attack with Russian.) Что ты оудень кушать

ceroдня? (Rendered desperate by the realization that he is running short of languages, even though he is a waiter, he snaps out t e phrase in Turkish): Codzug lista tür baña? (Then, with a last effort, the Romany of the Gypsies: Gö kova rat, savo'll tut hâ? (Surrenders.)

THE WAN WAYFARER (terrorized): Help!!

THE WAITER (suddenly looks up, his face brightens and he shouts). What are you going to eat this evening? (He leans over the table and watches with feverish anxiety the face of his client).

THE WAN WAYFARER (calming). Well, I think it high time —

THE WAITER (in ecstasy). English! English! I never thought of that!

THE WATTER. No, sir. You asked for the holiday dishes. The only holiday on our schedule for to-day is the one which, by reason of the Mohammedan calendar's being solely a lunar one, falls this year on the Roman calendar's December twenty-fourth. To-day is the beginning of the Ramazán-fast. You don't eat anything. You perform the Wuzu-ablution in that water and pray.

THE WAN WAYFARER (becomes suddenly a very florid wayfarer and exit, singing insanely):
My country 'tis of thee! Sweet land of heterogeneity! 'Tis not for me!

(The scene changes).

#### SCENE II.

The interior of the smoking-horror in the end of a Pullman car.

(The very florid wayfarer, seated between a traveling salesman and a solidified mass of nicotinic gas, is our own erst WAN WAYFARER. A second traveling salesman is shaving and



THE WAN WAYFARER. I was about to remark that I think it high time you did. My admiration for your linguistical accomplishments amounts almost to envy, but the service one expects—

THE WAITER. You'll try and forgive me, sir. It isn't that you don't look Anglo-Saxon, sir, it's only that you're so rare. I haven't been west of Eleventh Avenue for twenty years.

THE WAN WAYFARER. Oh, that's all right, waiter, now that the tension is over. Let me have a menu.

THE WAITER. I'm afraid I haven't one you can read, sir. If you'll allow me to translate —
THE WAN WAYFARER. Oh, don't bother.
You know what day this is.

THE WAITER. Yes, sir. That we always

THE WAN WAYFARER. Very well. Go into the kitchen and bring me everything you see in there that's appropriate for the holiday. (The waiter exit and presently returns with a bowl of water). Here, waiter! You're beginning at the wrong end!

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

dropping the mixture of soap and stubble onto the knees of THE WAYFARER.)

THE TRAVELING-SHAVER. So — (three deliberate strokes) of the safety razor) — so the Frenchman says to the Englishman — (two strokes) — he says, "Oh, I forgot zat one!" (Gusfawing. Knee-slapping. Cloud-burst of shaving soap. WAYFARER's face passes from red-red-orange to red-red-violet.)

The Traveling Salesman: Did old John Harvey ever tell you that one about — The Red-red-violet Wayfarer exit.)

(The scene changes.)

#### SCENE III.

#### The observation end of the same train.

(The seventeen chairs are filled as follows: three chairs by traveling salesmen conversing in undertones; one chair by a maiden lady of forty who is looking at a copy of a booklet called "Beauty Spots along the So-and-so Railroad" and trying to hear what the traveling salesman are sdying; four chairs by a small boy with a banana and a folding cup of water from the cooler; one chair by a minister who is making a great play of being the only person on the train who would not like to murder the small boy; five chairs by traveling salesmen thinking about that little girl in the last town; the chair next

(Continued on page 52)

#### Carla Engstrom "Neapolitan" band in an Italian table d'hôte, and his instrument, sat with folded Christmas hands and looked the violin, was only a pretext. down at the street. It was the day What chance would he have with its silken tones when opposed by before Christmas, and, early as it was, she had received her present. the jangle and rustling of queer

Mrs. Merit, the soft-eyed Southern landlady, had asked her to give up her room the day after the holiday, and Carla, not having money or expectations, her future was hung with crêpe. Luckily, it was a warm Christmas; the sunshine made the day seem like April, not December. She opened her window and walked out on the balcony. The house, in which she had a room on the top floor front, stood on Seventh Avenue, not far from Greenwich. It was one of a long block, each built alike; a generous garden, balconies on two floors, not missing the porch on the first; the type of residence, familiar during the sixties and seventies of the last century, mostly modest boarding houses nowadays. And a little the worse for decay. But Carla did not bother her small blonde head with history, She was too much interested in her threatening ill-luck. With Mrs. Merit's warning, not delivered in an unkindly manner, was the assurance that if it had not been for the complaints, constantly renewed, of M. Guglielmo Wilhorski, the celebrated piano vir-

tuoso who occupied the entire floor beneath her, the poor Danish singer would be allowed to remain indefinitely. Certainly, she owed a month's board, but Mrs. Merit, who confessed that she had a hard scrabble to pay her own rent, believed in Carla's gifts, believed she would win that long-coveted choir position, at \$600 a year, with a possibility of concerts; perhaps pupils. In the meantime, M. Wilhorski, Polish poet, patriot, and great artist, had given his ultimatum: If the young Mees, who squalled all morning over his head, remained, then he must give up his apartment and go elsewhere. This meant disaster for Mrs. Merit. The musician more than paid the rent of her house, and from her few boarders she earned a clear profit, despite the price of beef, which was simply awful on Seventh Avenue. So what was the kind-hearted woman to do? There were tears in her eyes when she told Carla: "I can't help it Miss Engstrom. And he is so overbearing, that M. Wilhorski. He plays day and night with the lid of his Steinway open, the windows open, too, as if he was playing for the benefit of the wide world. And his pupils, all the young boys and girls who pound every hour! He is selfish, but again what's to be done?" Carla consoled her: "I'll go on Friday, Mrs. Merit, never mind me. You must think first of yourself." As she looked over into Seventh Avenue the big concert grand piano was furiously attacked by the masterly fists of the marvellous artist. Problems

The hall bedroom next to Carla's room was occupied

by a handsome young Italian, Luigi Interno, by name; that is, he said he was Italian, though the gibberish he , gabbled was not Italian, probably some Levantine patois. But Luigi could make love in any language, his large liquid eyes saying more expressive things than his subtle tongue. He was at present the leader of a



noise-making contrivances, ocarinas, banjos, and stones and glass scraped by industrious Greeks masquerading as Italians? Luigi was ambitious, but his artistic aspirations languished in an atmosphere of spaghetti and tango. He returned home late, very late, drank too much pink wine, smoked too many ill-smelling cigarettes, and was too assiduous in his devotion to pretty girls who admired his black hair, bright eyes and slender, willowy figure. He paid Mrs. Merit 86 a week, board included; he seldom dined there. The moment he saw Carla he said to himself: "She for me!" Luigi prided himself on his contemporary English.

The Proud Guglielmo Wilhorski played Chopin divinely. Had he Virtuoso not studied with the immortal Liszt at Weimar? Had not the Master kissed him after a certain performance of the twelfth Hungarian Rhapsody? Pah! Who were the others when compared with his supreme art! Paderewski and Pachmann had

not yet visited America; but Rubinstein had, ten years previously, and there was Rafael Joseffy, obstinately preferred by the musical public instead of the marvellous Wilhorski. A thousand pigs! He was a middle-aged man, well-preserved, with a large projecting nose, protuberant eyes, red cheeks, and no chin to speak of; indeed, this chin was as diffident as a poached egg. To conceal its meticulous slope into his neck, he had adorned it with a tuft of reddish hair. This, he fancied, lent distinction to his moon-shaped face. His pose was pompous. When in concert, before the keyboard, he made an imposing impression. And how he snorted! How he pounded! Poor Chopin he "executed" at one fell stroke. Yet, he had a following, not large, but noisy, who proclaimed him as "virile" in comparison with Joseffy's exquisite, miniature style. After warning Mrs. Merit, M. Wilhorski retired to his studio and knocked Bach and Beethoven to smithereens the entire morning. He was in a rage, for in his early mail, had come a letter from a friend of his boyhood, and it was not dated from Poland, but from Bethlehem (N. H.) And it addressed him as "dear William Wilson." Poh! some people are so tactless. He, Wilhorski, who gave himself out as a natural son of Liszt!

## Knotty

Luigi poked his head from his window, which gave on Carla's balcony. Unlike her, he could not walk directly out, but he could easily vault

over the window-sill. This morning he did not do so, for he was half dressed and felt rather shaky. Too many "little glasses" the night before at "The Heart of Naples," and he regarded his neighbor with bleary eyes. "Pst! Carla" he called. She turned her blue porcelain eyes toward him. "Well! What is it?" she

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THE HOME GUARD HOLDS ITS LAST REVIEW Drawn by Maginel Wright Enright

### THE SAME OLD CHRISTMAS STORY

By HOLWORTHY HALL

Illustrated by W. J. Enright

IT was Christmas Eve in the trenches of the Argonne and the Marne. Fortunately for the sake of your emotions, however, the scene of the present dramatic interlude is laid in the trenches of neither the Marne nor the Argonne. For that matter, it was also Christmas Eve in the trenches of the Broadway subway, and the twenty-second of December in Philadelphia.

In the bay-window of the exclusive Seaview Golf Club on the corner of Fourth and Fifth Avenues, Harrington Hetherington sat staring moodily out at the softly falling snow. He was a clean-limbed specimen of American manhood. In attire he was the apotheosis of Vanity Fair; and in physiognomy he was not unlike Mrs. Vernon Castle. His attitude was that of Rodin's "Thinker," and his

clothes were made by Lucile.

He was practically alone in the club. Everyone else had gone to spend Christmas out-of-town—everyone but Harrington Hetherington. And as the afternoon wore steadily into dusk, or occasionally reversed, and dashed steadily back towards sunrise, Hetherington relapsed into deeper and deeper melancholy. He had no family. He had no relations. He had no friends. He had no creditors. In all the world, there was no one to seek him out. He had nowhere to go for Christmas. Accordingly, as he slumped into the innermost recesses of his chair, his thoughts unerringly turned to an incident of his youth.

At the age of nineteen he had run away from his home in Newark. He had left behind him a beautiful girl who loved him. It was his intention to accumulate a fortune, and to marry her. For years they had corresponded fatuously. He had sent her gifts and tokens of his adoration. When he was twenty-one, he sent her a leather pillowcover with an Indian head on it, and fringe around the outskirts. When he was twentysix he sent her a hand-made copy of a Gibson drawing, passepartouted. When he was thirty, he sent her a picture-postcard of Trinity Church. When he was thirty-five, he sent her an automobile pennant from Schenectady, with a message of love in code. The words read, "Excuse my dust," but he knew that she would understand. The eyes of love cannot be deceived.

But eventually they ceased to correspond. He was now a wealthy clubman, and he had forgotten the beautiful girl of his youth. He had forgotten many other things. Among them, he had forgotten that his father had spelled the good old surname "Hetherington" in a curious way. He had spelled it: "H-i-g-g-i-n-s."

As he sat in the exclusive club, and stared out at the kaleidoscopic splendor of varicolored decorations, and the display of March magazines on the brilliantly lighted news-stands, Hetherington thought again of his youth. His conscience gnawed hlm, and at first he belligerently gnawed back,

but at length his braggadocio failed him, and he suffered violently. First, with symptoms of frightful agony, he kindled a cigar, and suffered like that for some time. Later, he swallowed a cooling draught, and found balm for his soul in the awful torment. Little by little the solitude of the club weighed upon him; he could endure it no loager. He rang for a boy. There was no response. He rang the cocktail-gong. Still there was no response. Then he pulled the whistle cord.

A youth hurried into the room and stood trembling.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Hetherington roughly. "What's the matter with the service in this club? I've got a The boy reddened, thrusting his shoulders forward so as to look like Leach Cross.

"It's my little brother and sisters - "

"Go on."

"Well — they believe in Santa Claus. . . . and, . . . and they write letters to him, to hang up with their stockings —"

"Is that any reason for you to write letters - and let me ring three times? Is it?"

"Why, you see ... if I didn't write a letter, too, and hang it up — they'd think it was queer — and they'd ask questions — and maybe they'd find out —"

"Oh! Now I get it - you want 'em to

keep on believing all that rot?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what did you ask Santa Claus for?"

"A few little things . . . you know how it is, sir . . . . the kids wouldn't understand if I asked for what I really do want . . . so I asked for some new handkerchiefs and things like that . . . ."

"Expect to get 'em?"

"Yes, sir."



"You don't think I'm simple enough to think YOU believe in Santa Claus!"

good notion to report you to the manager—What's your number? Well, 365, you ought to be fired, and you know it. . . . Shaking dice out behind the grill, I suppose!"

The well-trained boy stepped to one side so as not to tremble on the priceless rugs.

"N-no, sir," he faltered. "I... I was

writing . . . "

Hetherington guffawed exclusively.

"To Santa Claus, of course," he said with biting sarcasm.

The boy snarled viciously and showed his

"Y-yes, sir."

"What! What's that? You don't mean to tell me . . . oh, look here, 365, don't try that excuse! You don't think I'm simple enough to think you believe in Santa Claus!"

"Oh, no, sir — I don't — but — "

"WeH?"

"Oh, then you do believe - "

"Why, sir, it's this way. . . . in my house there's just my mother and the kids . . . I'm the only one that's old enough to work . . . . I know I'll get what I asked for, because I took jolly good care to ask for what I know I'm going to get; and the kids'll get what they asked for, if things don't cost too much, because . . I'm Santa Claus!"

Hetherington gave a Fifth Avenue laugh,

— long and rich.

"I'll be hanged if you look it! . . . . Well, St. Nick, what do you really want?"

"What I really want," said the boy almost audibly, "is for my mother to be happy again . . . . I can't ask Santa for that, can I?"

"No," said the wealthy clubman thoughtfully, "I'm afraid you can't. Well — hurry up and bring me a mint julep. Christmas! Tomfoolishness! Anyway . . . let's have a



Skilled by long experience in the makeshifts of poverty, she took the front door off the hinges and laid it gently over them.

bit of local color. Tell the bartender to put evergreen in it instead of mint."

Left alone, he regarded the ceiling earnestly. "Perfect twaddle, this Christmas idiocy . and yet . . . . when you come to think of it, it is hard on the poor little brats in the tenements. It wouldn't take much to make them happy . . . a few minutes; a few dollars

He rose, and went diffidently to the manager's office, and attracted his attention by poking him in the midriff with a malacca

"I want to get some information about 365," he said, "What's his salary?"

"Salary, Mr. Hetherington? Why, the new boys get five dollars a month to start."

"Five dollars? . . . Well, that's pretty high. That's the interest on \$36,500 for one day. That's a lot. I rather thought they weren't paid that much. Still -'

"If you want to make a complaint - " Hetherington struck him across the face

with his gloves, and threw the gloves into the coal-hod.

"Complaint? Who said anything about complaint? When I want to make a complaint, you'll know it fast enough! I want to find out where he lives!"

"Yes, sir," said the manager hastily, "Just a second, sir."

H

In a humble tenement on Riverside Drive a very large widow sat surrounded by four starving children. Two of them were starving at the top of their lungs. The apartment was bare, cheerless and sordid to the point of squalor. It held no furniture - nothing but floor, The radiator was only lukewarm, and hardly tempered the chill which struck deep to the bone, and deeper to the heart.

In their innocent faith, the children had already hung to the jigsawed mantel their stockings, with form letters attached . . . The youngest girl, who had no stockings, had hung'up a union suit. All of them hoped, prayed, believed that Santa Claus would come down the steam pipes, and leave them the simple gifts they craved. And such simple gifts! A doll, a book, and candy

The widow herself was diligently embroidering a canvas derrick-cover, by the faint glimmer of a flaming arc light, which was the sole illumination of the tiny room.

"Mother," said Rosamond, "are you sure he'll come? What odds are you giving?"

"Don't you know?" said Percival, wrapping the morning Tribune around a convenient brick.

"I don't believe there's any Santa Claus," said Gwendolyn stoutly. "I'll take the short end of twenty to one on it."

"What! Oooh! The thing you said!" They glared at her in speechless horror.

"Well, I don't! Who ever seen him? Jever know anybody that seen him? Then how jer know there is a Santa Claus?"

"Jever see your brains?" retorted Percival. "Then how do you know -

"Mother, it ain't so! Is it? So now!"

"She's a naughty, bad girl, she is! I guess if he heard that he'd stay away, all right!"
"Mother, I'm hungry!"

"Hush, dear," implored the widow gently. "Be patient, my darlings. We shall soon have food again, say by the middle of February. Ah, if Harrington Hetherington, the rich derrick-maker only knew how we suffer! I scarcely weigh two hundred and fifty now - and when I was young and healthy - But come! . . . it's time you were all asleep."

Even under the thin blankets on the thickest part of the floor, the four little children shivered pitiably.

(Continued on page 56)



Hetherington, his arm nearly all the way around the widow, sat on the floor, surrounded by toys and laughing children.





"Mother, dear, what is economy?"

- Drawn by Reginald Birch

"Ethel, where on earth did you pick up that vulgar expression? Don't ever let me hear you use it again."

## The Witches' Caldron

The man who sits down to a Christmas dinner approaches a battle-field which makes the Verdun fatalities look trivial, where indigestion is death on the field of honor, and the successful assault upon a plum pudding deserves the Victoria Cross.

America may be owned by money, but it is led by imagination and ideals.

A multitude of cheerful memories in front of an open fire come on the last day of the year to the man who starts making them on the first.

The man who can't find romance in his business is on the road downhill.

Nerve is bluff unless it has conviction back of it.

Enthusiasm is the window display of the faith inside.

The man who ate the first clam on a desert island was braver than von Hindenburg.

At the end of our street there is a little old clock store, and in a chair by the coal stove, the ancient man who runs it sits every night with a black tom cat at his feet who blinks wisely at the shadows on the walls. On a tray in his lap, the old man has the works of a watch, and he squints at it for long minutes at a time through a glass he holds in his eye, and sometimes he takes a diminutive pincers and touches here a spring, and there the fine point of a jewel, as he little by little, reassembles the works for another period of usefulness and reliability. Christmas Eve gives us an opportunity to take out the works of our own soul and start them off in good order for another

year. There are many parts that need attention, the jewels need cleaning, the mainspring, perhaps, is stretched. An old armchair is our workshop; frankness, and honest self-analysis are the only tools we need.

Let your big drive for 1917 be directed against complacency, hypocrisy and selfishness.

There is nothing polished in Pittsburgh, except the automobiles.

If it is hard for you to look wise, try looking interested.

Being willing helps a little, but it's getting busy that counts.

It is much better to think proudly of what we are going to do to-morrow — than to dwell fondly on what we have done to-day.

Men who set the pace usually leave it to others to set the brake.

After the bustle and worry of the day, when the shades of evening clothe the streets with romance, and the dingy buildings become touched with the glory of the winter moon, when the lights of fairy-land twinkle above the black river, and the distant hooting of a steamboat sounds cold in the night, stop and chat a moment with the elevator man, ask him what he thinks, give him a few friendly words and a cigar. There is an old lady selling matches at the corner of your street, and she would like to go home, for it is Christmas Eve. In a good grate fire are the embers of old and vagrant fancies, the sound of half-forgotten voices in the noise of the wind outside; in a friendly pipe there is comfort, and in twenty cents worth of matches there is content.

— Roy Dickinson.



THE CHRISTMAS BOX FROM THE HOME FOLKS

- Drawn by Walter de Mari



THE PURSUIT OF PRIVACY - EPISODE NINE

## THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

#### Prevention Is Better Than Insurance

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Lovelly are the proud parents of a baby boy born to them yesterday morning.

You may be next! Why don't you buy some Fire Insurance? — George L. Alexander & Son. — The Grayling (Mich.) Avalanche.

#### Merry, Merry!

Mrs. Benjamin Stroot arranged a birthday party for her husband here last night and invited a large number of his friends. During the course of the merrymaking Mrs. Stroot gave birth to a son.

- The Beatrice (Neb.) Sun.

#### News, What Is It?

There was a mistake in copying the news two weeks ago. It is the 12th chapter of Matthews, instead of the 13th.

- The Nevada County (Ark.) Picayune.

#### How Cooks Come

The cook was mixed in two packages delivered at the back door that morning.

— The Cleveland (O.) Press.

#### Trade Secrets

FOR SALE: Pure cider vinegar. Very strong, one gallon will make two. F. W. Andrus. — The Wellington (O.) Enterprise.

#### Backhanded

Their marriage will surprise many of the bride's friends, who are legions, as she was loved by all who knew her and of course Mr. Warren cannot be balmed for the attitude taken by himself, but we regret his taking her from our midst.

- The Gassopolis (Mich.) Vigilant.

#### We Can't Believe This

The naval militia of this city has received permission from the navy department to place on exhibition a navel display.

- The Benton Harbor (Mich.) News-Palla-

#### A Man Is As Remote As He Feels

It is sorter like living in town out here to see so many people passing. We can't say we live in the backwoods, for there must be some still farther on, or they would all get

- The Clarksville (Ark.) Democrat.

#### Why Was He Suspected?

There was an error in last week's paper. Instead of being Mr. R. C. McKibben and children it should have been Mr. R. C. Blake and children that called on Fred Blake and children. Mr. McKibben is a single man.

- The Steuben (N. Y.) Advocate.

#### This Is The Age of Specialization

W. A. Blair, who tried to get sentimental over a wedding that occured out in the country near Oswego, says he hopes the sea of matrimony will be as calm for the young people as the sea of Galilee was after Jonah was cast overboard. These editors have no business monkeying with scriptural references without first consulting a minister.

- The Coffeyville (Kan.) Journal.

#### Independent Journalism

Our position on this wedding card proposition is that we will give just as much local publicity to the event as does the outside printer, who pulls in the profit and laughs at us when we give a free column on the event on which he makes all the profit. We have drawn the line and hewed our way, let the chips fall where they may. No longer will this print shop go out of its way to exploit affairs of those who buy their printing elsewhere.

- The Halstead (Kan.) Independent.

#### The Worm Turns

I hereby give notice to the doctors of Canton that from this date my price to them will be 50 cents for each shave and \$1.00 for each hair cut and that double prices will be charged for all work done after 7 o'clock in the evening, and if it shall be necessary for me to visit them and do work for them while confined to their home by sickness an additional charge of 25 cents per foot for every foot traversed going and coming will be made. — E. P. Arquitt.

- The Canton (N. Y.) Plaindealer.

#### ADVENTURES ON THE CLOTHES-LINE



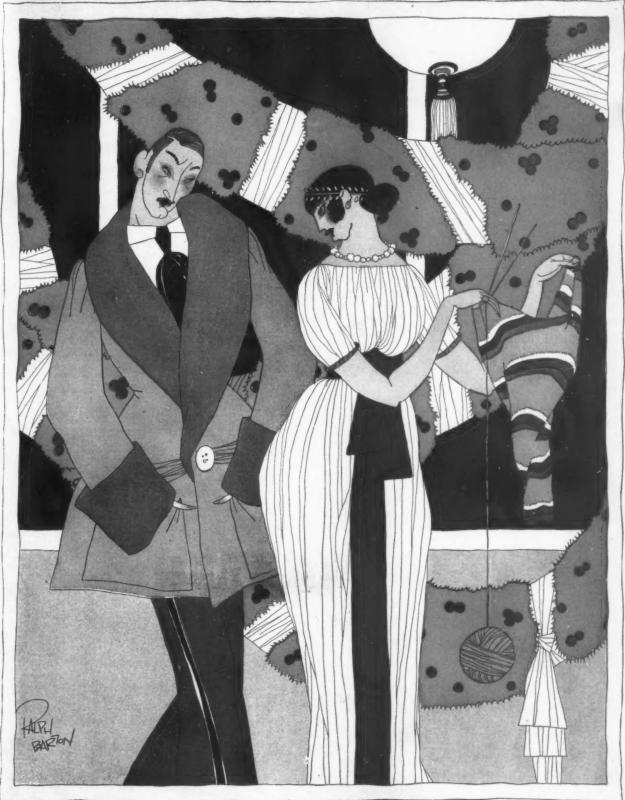
"Won't you step over here, Miss Birdie?"

"Excuse me!

But that's poison ivy you've hung up, instead of mistletoe!"







Drawn by Ralph Barton

"John, these pearls you've given me make me almost ashamed to give you my gift, even though I did knit it all myself. Here it is."

"Wha — what is it?"

"Why — why, I started it so long ago I'm afraid I've forgotten just what it was, but I'm sure it was to have been something useful!"



Copyright 1916 by Raphael Kirchner

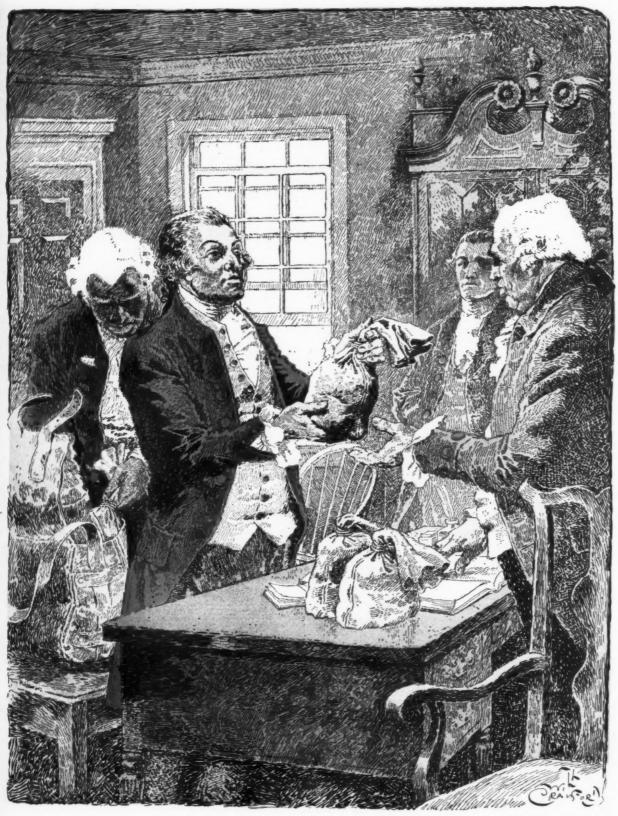
'Twas the night before Christmas, an Not a creature was stirring, not even a

And I heard him exclaim ere he drov "That is no place for me on my one



Christmas, and all through the house ring, not even a mouse-

im ere he drove out of sight: me on my one busy night!"



Haym Salomon "Loans" His Personal Fortune to Robert Morris, Superintendent of Banks, for Prosecuting the Revolutionary War (See Historical Story Opposite)





## Pictorial History of America

## The Man Who Financed the Revolution

is by restoring public credit, not by gaining battles, that we are finally to gain our object," wrote Alexander Hamilton, in a letter to Robert Morris at the darkest period of the birth-hour of the Nation.

And, overcoming almost insuperable obstacles, two men accomplished that restoration of public credit which Hamilton rated so high. They were Robert Morris and Haym Salomon. History has accorded Morris full credit for his patriotic services. But it has ignored the sacrifices of Salomon, who put through the loans from France and Holland which tided us over the crisis, who "loaned" a personal fortune of \$650,000 to the country without security and never was repaid, who maintained the hardpressed members of the Continental Congress out of his own pocket in order that they should not withdraw from the national service, and who died broken in fortunes - unhonored in his passing because he was a Jew.

With the complete break-down in national credit, which started at the very beginning of the Revolutionary War in 1776 and rapidly grew worse, Morris was appointed Superintendent of Finance by the Continental Congress in 1781. He called to his aid Haym Salomon. The latter, a man of forty-one, was the most noted banker in Philadelphia and already had shown his devotion to the cause. Together, they faced the stupendous task of staving off bankruptcy, and of obtaining funds to maintain the operations of the government and to keep the armies in the

Coming to the colonies in 1772 from Poland, most unhappy land in Europe, Salomon had settled at first in New York where he became a broker. He was thirty-two years old at the time, having been born in Lissa of well-to-do Portuguese-Jewish parents in 1740. He was educated, widely traveled, knew Polish, Russian, German, French, Spanish and Italian, and was an ardent lover of human liberty. The New York of that day took him up readily and, two years after his arrival, he married Rachel Franks, daughter of Moses B. Franks, and sister of that Isaac Franks who was later to become a Revolutionary officer of distinction and personal aide to General Washington.

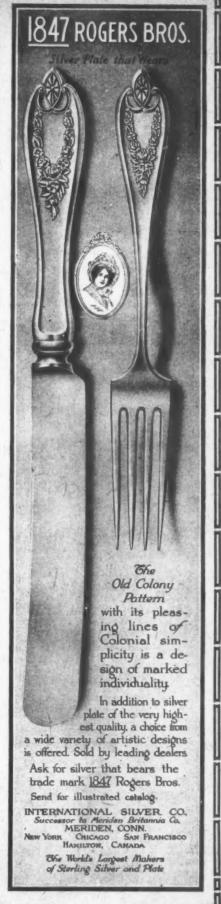
When the colonists revolted, Salomon aligned himself with the patriots. This caused his arrest when, after the disastrous Battle of Long Island, the British seized New York. He was thrown in the "Provost," a pestilential prison standing in City Hall Park on the spot later occupied by the old Hall of Records. So closely declares one chronicler, were the prisoners packed that when they

"laid down at night to rest, when their bones ached, on the hard oak planks, and they wished to turn, it was altogether by command 'rightleft,' being so wedged as to form almost a solid mass of solid bodies."

Salomon suffered many hardships until, by a stroke of good fortune, the Hessian general, Heister, discovered his linguistic abilities, caused his release and put him at work in the commissariat department. General Heister probably held that an able interpreter alive and at his service was better than another Continental dead of prison fever. He was badly mistaken. Salomon utilized his greater freedom of movement to help numerous prisoners escape. He even spread dissension insidiously among the Hessian officers and prompted many to resign.

These bold activities were discovered and, in 1778, the British commander, Sir Henry Clinton, suddenly clapped him back in prison. He was charged with acting on secret orders from Washington to burn the British fleets and destroy their ware-

(Continued on page 35)



# In After Years—

One can be mighty glad if, in the spring- and summer-time of life, some care was given to Nature's laws of health.

To a great degree, continued elasticity, vigor and happiness lie in the rational use of good food and drink, and in the avoidance of those things that usually hasten a condition of old age.

For this reason a great many thoughtful people have adopted



# **POSTUM**

as their usual table beverage.

It is a pure, cereal food-drink, free from any harmful substance, but nourishing, and especially delicious in flavor. Where tea or coffee interferes with personal comfort, a change to **Postum** brings happy results.

"There's a Reason"

-at Grocers.



house ment, attem dama He conde

Desting orthogen attention of the concern are scap 1778. his comon thought of took man, in the Ar

yearraffair color and army fund were own gives. The unpa going home busis when under term. It

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"Which," said the indicthouses. ment, "he (Haym Salomon) had attempted to execute to their great

damage and injury."

He was tried by court martial and condemned to a military death. But Destiny had ruled otherwise. It was erving Haym Salomon for a noteorthy task. He bribed his jailer, pened communication with his intiiate friend, General McDougall, then in command of the American forces near New York, and, with his aid, escaped the night of August 11, 1778. Leaving behind in New-York, his distressed wife, his son only a month old, and a fortune of six thousand pounds sterling, Salomon fled to Philadelphia where presently. his family joined him and he again took up business. It was to this man, then, that Morris turned for aid in the Nation's extremity.

And extremity it was. Between the

years of 1776 to '80, the financial affairs of the loose confederation of colonies had become as bad as possible and were rapidly growing worse. The army was in desperate straits because funds with which to buy supplies were not forthcoming. Out of his own pocket, George Washington had given \$64,000 to maintain his soldiers. The Congressional delegates were unpaid and their business affairs were going to ruin in their absence from home. Commerce was paralyzed, business at a standstill, and everywhere faint-hearts were weakening under the strain and beginning to cry out for an end to the war on any

It was then that Haym Salomon set to work at his country's call. His activities were so numerous and varied that they will have to be considered under three divisions into which they fall naturally. He performed many favors for the representatives of France and Spain, thereby cementing to his country the support of those governments; he

(Continued on following page)

#### Correct

TEACHER: Who was the greatest English actor?

REDDY BACKROW: Richard the Lion-Hearted.

TEACHER: O, no.

REDDY BACKROW: Yes he was. The book says he starred in the Crusade and made a thousand knights run.

DOCTOR: You can live but a week - shall I telegraph your wife at Palm Beach?

PATIENT: What's the use? She's having good enough time there as it is!

"Dobson? I hardly know him!"

"Why, he said that he was thoroughly acquainted with you!"

"He is - he married my former wife!"



Her Gift to Santa Claus



'Dear old Santa Claus: I think it's just

"Dear old Santa Claus: I think it's just a shame nobody ever gives you any Christ-mas presents. You are good and kind to people, but they treat you just dreadfully. So I am going to leave this pretty sampler in my stocking for you to take back home with you way up there in the clouds. You do live in the clouds, don't you? This sampler box—called Whitman's Sampler. Last Christmas you brought me one, don't you remember? Please leave me another this year. The chocolates and other candies are just splendid. If you feel very, sery generous, you might leave a Fussy Package for father, too, and a Pink of Perfection for mother, and a Library Package for big sister and—but, there, maybe I've asked for too many good things.

P. S. Please come down good and early!"

Whitman's Christmas Candies (plain or fancy boxes; bags; bashets) are on sale at leading drug stores nearly everywhere (or from us by mail postpaid). Backlet on request.



STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., - Philadelphia, U. S. A.





## Some personal words with S. Claus, Esq.

OLD S. Claus was reminiscent. "I mind," said he, "when gew-gaws were standard gifts. Gold jewelry that turned green in the spring, tra-la. Showy worth-naughts that died with the mistletoe. Jim-cracks that even the waste-basket blushed to receive."

Great sobs racked his Kris-Kringlian frame. Mournfully he wrung three tears of assorted sizes from his beard. "In those days," he said, "December 25 was Friendship's Funeral . . . . ."

But presently a happy smile flickered through his snowy whiskers. He led me to his store-room. "Look," he chuckled. Over on one corner-but sh-h-h! Only sensible givers are allowed to read of one of the things I saw that day.

#### THELONDONER

The doggiest bag that ever opened the eyes of a Pullman Porter. Satiny, shi, hand-bearded cowhide. Kit frame, hand-sewn to bag. Side lever lock. Double handles. Lined with plaid serge. Three full-length folio pockets on one side. Moisture-proof pockets for toilet articles on other.



Ask your dealer to show you this bag. Imagine how you'd feel if you got one of those bags on December 25th.

Sizes: 20 and 22 inches Prices: \$20.00 to \$30.00



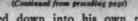
A nearby Likly dealer will equip you to pla. Santa Claus in the up-to date way. To guide you, we have pre-pared a 72-page descriptive catalog. Send for your copy.

Christmas comes but once year. That once is right a year. Tha

LUGGA

Asks no favors of the baggage man

"EQUAL AND EXACT JUSTICE TO ALL MEN"-THOMAS JEFFERSON



reached down into his own pocket for the wherewithal with which to keep needy and impecunious delegates at work for their country; but, biggest service of all, he kept the national treasury from collapsing.

This last was accomplished in two ways: by the negotiation of war loans from the French government and the merchants of Holland,' and by the making of unsecured loans to

the treasury out of his own pocket. Early in 1781, the negotiations with France and Holland were carried out successfully by Salomon and he began the task of disposing of the bills of exchange, in which form the loans were made. In many instances, in order to dispose of the bills, credit of sixty or ninety days had to be extended. In such cases, he personally assumed the liability. And, if any of those who bought the bills failed to pay, the government did not lose. It is a matter of record that the Continental treasury lost not a penny through Salomon's transactions!

Yet this was not enough. More money must be had. Robert Morris, Superintendent of Finance, again call-

ed upon Salomon.

"I sent for Salomon and desired him to try every way he could to raise money," wrote Morris in his raise money," wrote Morris in his diary, August 26, 1781. And, two days later, he added: "Salomon came and I urged him to leave no stone unturned to find out money and the means by which I can obtain it."

Salomon had only one source left, a source which, it is true, had been tapped repeatedly, but which was not exhausted. It would seem from the way in which he now drew upon it lavishly that he had been saving it for this last resort; as if, in fact, he had comprehended how desperate the financial condition of the Nation was to become and had saved a trustworthy resort for the end. It was his own purse.

(Continued on page 38)

#### Like His Father

Mamma (to little son, making toy buildings on the floor: Why, Willie, why are you making your building out of broom-straws and tooth-picks. Why don't you use those nice strong, indestructible blocks that Santa brought you?

LITTLE Son (whose father is a contractor: G'wan, ma, what do you know about contracting? We're pretending that we are building this one for the city.

No sooner is the election over than the Man Who Would Do Things Right is compelled to reserve tables for New Year's Eve. This same man, when he hears that the millennium is coming, is going to telephone a giddy restaurant to reserve a table for him for that evening.



Your skin tells the story. Skins, like houses, need constant "keeping-up" houses, need constant "k eeping-up" else they tattle their tales of neglect to every passerby.

To keep your skin in repair, exercise it! Invigorate it! Rub in a pinch of Pompeian MASSAGE Cream. Rub it out again. This wonderful pink cream cleanses every little pore, rejuvenates, refreshes - removes shine, brings a healthy, athletic glow to the cheeks. You look years younger.

Jars 50c, 75c, and \$1.00. At the st

#### Pompeian Hair Massage

Removes dandruff-yesl Tones up the scalp and makes the hair healthy, strong and lustrous. Bottles, 25c., 50c., lustrous. Bottles, 25c. and \$1.00 at the stores

#### Get this Beautiful Art Calendar

showing Mary Pickford and her pet, "Canary Billie." Size, 28 x 7½ in. Exquisitely colored. Sent for 10c. We will include sample of Pompeian MASSAGE Cream

The Pompeian Co., 232 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio. Cleveland, Ohio.
Gentlemen; I enclose
a dime for a Mary
Pickford Art Panel
and a trial jar of
Pompeian MASSAGE.
Cream. For letting
me have this picture
for only 10c., I will
gladly speak a good



ord to my friends bout it and Pom- cian products if I se them.	
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Shmpeian HAIR Massage	

POMPEIAN MFG. CO.,

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City..... State....

232 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio.



BUFFALO SPECIALTY CO.

MAKES OLD

THINGS NEW

WOODWORK

PIANOS FURNITURE

APPLY WITH CHEESE CLOTH

WONDERFUL FOR DUSTING

Will Work

Wonders

In Your Home

Liquid Veneer will impart

that extra touch of brightness

that reflects intelligent care of furniture and woodwork. It will leave polished surfaces

radiantly beautiful, conspicuously fresh and new looking.

Finger prints, spots and dust will vanish magically.

Scratches and mars will be obliterated instantly. Your mahogany will lose that bluish

marble, onyx and white enamel will be noticeably im-

Liquid Veneer is used ex-

No up-to-date home is real-

Veneer. Any grocery, drug, hardware, paint or furniture store can supply you. 25c. and 50c. a bottle.

clusively in the best homes. It is easily applied and leaves no oily film. It dries in-

Even picture frames, as and nickel finishes,

Buffalo, N.Y.

fog.

Bridgeburg, Ont.

II. S. A.

CANADA

"EQUAL AND EXACT JUSTICE TO ALL MEN"-THOMAS JEFFERSON



## Crystal Clear

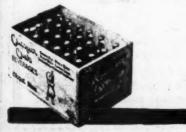
-the purity of gushing spring water,—the tang of the best Jamaica ginger,—the cut of lemon and lime juices, -the softening of pure cane sugar, -all are blended in crystal

Made in GINGER ALE Best in the

The wholesome goodness of Clicquot has made it the ginger ale of the best clubs, restaurants, and homes in America. Ask your grocer or druggist to send up a case and put a few bottles on ice. Mix any kind of drink with Clicquot—use it as you would any carbonated water.

The Clicquot Club Company Millis, Massachusetts

per of Medal of Honor, Panama-Pacific Exposition



With never a thought to security, he "loaned" the treasury, through Morris, sums which were vast.

To Morris, through the Bank of North America alone, he gave more than \$211,000. This was the first and only bank chartered by the Continental Congress and was used mainly as a means to obtain funds for government use. Salomon's single account was as large as the aggregate of fifteen other depositors. But his sacrifices did not stop there. Upon securities that were mere "scraps of paper," for he never got back a cent, he gave another total of \$353,744.45. An authentic certificate in the Register's office in Philadelphia gives the various tabulations.\*

Not less than seventy-five transactions with Salomon, between August 1781, and April, 1784, are recorded in Morris's diary. Altogether his unrepaid "loans" of all sorts to the government amounted to \$658,007.

And yet, as if this were not enough, Salomon was doing noble work in another field. Delegates to Congress couldn't get their salaries, and found it impossible to live on promises. This was especially true of some of the greatest among them.

"My wants are so urgent that it is impossible to suppress them," James Madison, later to become twice president of the Nation, wrote in a letter home to Virginia, in 1781. "The case of my brethren is equally alarming.

They had no claims upon Salomon's Yet their plight aroused this thorough-going patriot; not so much, perhaps, because of the misfortunes of individuals but because he realized how helpless the country would be were its wisest men to be forced out of the administration at this dark hour. He "advanced" out of his own pocket the entire salaries of Messrs. Jones, Randolph and Madison for the year 1783 as members of the Revolutionary Congress. What is more, although they had in writing allotted that Mr. Madison should get fifty pounds less than the other (Continued on following page)

\*Money "loaned" by Salomon, on Revolutionary securities: 58 loan office certificates

18,259.50 19 treasury certificates 2 Virginia state certificates 8,166.38 70 commissioners' certificates

17,870.37 199,214.45 Continental liquidate \$353,744.35 Total Not one cent of this has ever been

repaid.

WIFE: You don't buy me such Christmas

Husband: No - I had more money than brains, then!

WIFE: And you still have, dear.



Refinement in Apparel

suggests the protection afforded by

OMO COAT SHIELDS

An indispensable accessory of highgrade tailoring.

Ask your tailor to use OMO Coat Shields.

THE OMO MFG. CO. 75 WALNUT STREET MIDDLETOWN CONNECTICUT

Makers of OMO Dress Shields, White Clover Dress Shields, Infants' Pants, Sanitary Sheeting and Specialties.



"EQUAL AND EXACT JUSTICE TO ALL MEN"-THOMAS JEFFERSON

(Continued from preceding page)

two, Mr. Salomon, who was very fond of young Madison, presented him from his own purse with the fifty pounds, and thus equalized the pay of the whole delegation.
"The kindness of our friend in

Front street is a fund that will preserve me from extreme necessities, wrote Madison after these "loans" began. "But I never resort to it, without great mortification, as he obstinately rejects all recompense. To necessitous delegates he gratuit-ously spares from his private stock." Salomon supported out of his own

pocket at various times Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and others, and, when they offered him notes for the "loans," "with some of the best names in Virginia" signed to them, as Madison put it, he thrust the notes aside - would have none of them. He gave the money without security, and as often as the delegates asked. And it is doubtful if he ever got back a cent.

Toward Madison, the brilliant young Virginia delegate, who was only 29 years old at the time, Salomon seems to have been especially kind. A warm intimacy grew up between the two; and later, when in power, in 1827, Madison did his best to have the country repay Salomon's heirs the great sums his benefactor had given the country, but without success. Many times in his letters and papers, Madison bears witness to Salomon's noble disinterestedness during those lean years of the Continental Congress. "When any member was in need, all that was necessary was to call upon Salomon," he wrote once. Frequently he refers touchingly to "My little friend in Front street."

Salomon's loans to Madison and a host of others were acts of fine idealism. For "The person who did loan cash to a member to relieve his distress in that day was in no expectation of ever getting repaid," at a later date wrote Gouverneur Morris, himself a member of that Congress.

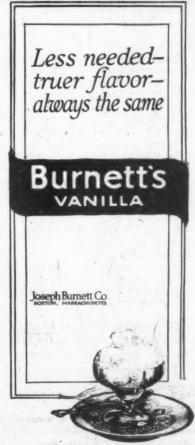
Yet all these acts - his negotiation of foreign loans, his sacrifice of his own fortune to the cause, his unrepaid "loans" to needy Congressmen - do not tell the complete story of Haym Salomon's devotion to his country's cause. Coincidentally, he was making friends of France and Spain.

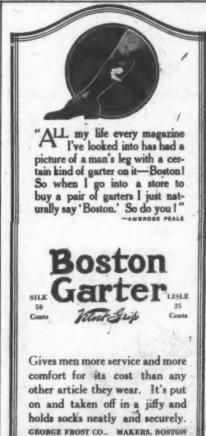
(Continued on following page)

"Diamond Jim" Brady's \$2,000,000 stomach has given out, and his absence from first nights will fearfully cramp the style of dramatic reviewers.

The United States authorities are about to investigate the freight-car shortage. Perhaps it will be found that many of them, being built of steel, were shipped abroad and used as ammunition.









## Cabinets for all Systems and Systems tor all Cabinets

SIDE from the now famous line of 44 Efficiency Desks, which are being so heavily purchased everywhere, we offer more than 4,000 other filing devices and office systems: cabinets in both wood and steel for all kinds of filing systems, and filing systems for all kinds of cabinets. (See coupon below).

This line is so extensive and meets so many different requirements that it would be difficult to find a single well established firm which is not using one or another of the "Y and E" products.

And we are glad to have the quality of the entire line judged by the quality of any one of its 4,000 units.

Efficiency Desks, that are cabinets and desks combined; wood cabinets with frictionless drawer slides; double wall steel cabinets that give real protection against fire; Manmoth Vertical Files (for blue prints) that open out into drawing tables; filing, indexing, recording and ledger systems that simplify; system storage shelving; office record sales; filing supplies of quality that is unequalited—both as to material and design.

MAIL THE COUPON BELOW

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1206 St. Paul St., Rochester, N. Y.

"Y and E" Filing Devices and Office Systems (Wood and Steel)

Branch Offices:

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Y and E", Rochester, N. Y.

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☐ Efficiency Desks, ☐ Steel Filing Cabinets, □ Wood Filing Cabinets, □ Blue Print Cabinets, □ Vertical Filing Supplies, □ Transfer Cases and Supplies. Card Systems, Safes, System Storage Shelving, Systems for

(your	b	business								01	r	profession).																				
Name				*		5									*			,		*	×	ě										

Address....

(Continued from preceding page)

Without recompense, he acted as fiscal agent of the French Minister, the Chevalier de la Luzerne. Without recompense, he was banker to the French consul. And, again without recompense, he acted as paymaster-general of the French army in America. These duties took up a great deal of the second and the second arms are second arms and the second arms are second arms and the second arms are second arms ar time, and required the handling of enormous sums of money. But, because the French were aiding his country, Salomon asked no return of any sort.

In addition, out of his own private purse, he maintained for two years the Spanish Ambassador, Don Francisco Rendon, whose supplies from home were cut off by the British fleet, and thereby won for the colonies the secret support of Charles III. He gave the Spanish Ambassador more than \$10,000, and got back

never a dollar of it.

"Mr. Salomon has obtained money for His Most Catholic Majesty, Ambassador Rendon wrote the Spanish governor of Cuba, "and I am indebted to his friendship in this particular for the support of my character as His Most Catholic Majesty's agent here with any degree of credit and reputation, and without it I would not have been able to give that protection and assistance to His Majesty's subjects which His Majesty enjoins and my duty requires.'

All these sacrifices had an immediate and powerful effect. The reeling credit of the Nation was braced. The waning courage of the faint-hearted and the war-weary received new life. But what was the effect on Salomon?

Peace came in 1783, just in time to prevent him from entirely beggaring himself. But the country was like a man who had been through a terrible sickness and was only lan-guidly convalescent. Business, long prostrated, was slow in recovering. And the rash idealist, Salomon, again felt it his duty to aid in the rehabilitation. Accordingly, he gave the president of the National Bank, whose partner was Robert Morris, two "loans" aggregating \$64,000. It left him not a great deal for himself. And like all the rest of his "loans" to the government, this \$64,000 was never repaid.

It was a severe blow. But with what he did have left, Salomon cheerfully set about the task of again building up his own business n'eglected and left to shift for itself (Continued on page 43)

At the College Hop

SHE: What do you do at the foot-ball field now?

HE: We are learning how to tackle dummies.

SHE: I wish I knew how. An accomplishment like that would be so handy at these social affairs.

Quality alone determines the Price of

# RUGS

385

Each change in Price is occasioned solely by a corresponding propornical specifications which govern the Quality and determine the cost.

There are no fancy prices because of mere beauty & desirability.



M. I. WHITTALL ASSOCIATES

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The unfailing satisfaction given its users is the reason, why year in and year out, they prefer

# FAIRY SOAP

For toilet and bath

Fairy soap is made by experts, of the choicest materials. Its whiteness suggests the purity that is shown in the rich, free lather and the refreshing cleansing qualities. No better soap can be made for any price.

The oval, floating cake fits the hand and wears to the thinnest wafer without losing its fine quality.

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

"Have you a little Fairy in your Home?"

**5**¢



The illustration gives an idea of the smart style, the fit, and the graceful lines of BON TON corsets. It is but one of over 100 models designed for the average, slender, petite and stout figures at prices \$3.50, \$5, \$6.50, \$8, \$10 and upwards.

In every city, town and the rural districts these fashionable corsets are



now being shown. Live, progressive merchants the country over have sold BON TON corsets for years because their patrons want them. Our handsome, new catalog, the ROYAL BLUE BOOK, mailed free upon request to Department K.

ROYAL WORCESTER CORSET CONTROL WORCESTER, MASS,

Designers and Manufacturers of

BonTon

#### PICTORIAL HISTORY OF AMERICA

(Continued from page 40)

during the years when he had given his time and his thoughts and his money exclusively to the country. He opened a branch office in New York, in Wall street; and he put several ships in the European trade. But failure came to merchants to whom he extended credit, and the losses swept away the last of his fortune.

Then while misfortunes thus rained blow after blow upon him, death dealt the final stroke. At 45, he died suddenly in Philadelphia, January 6, 1785.

As he went down into the valley of the shadow, and his mind raced back ere the end was come, over the thirteen years of his labors for the nation, seeing the crowded events stand forth once more clear as if limned by summer lightning, surely he was entitled to believe that the people would honor his name and would, at least, see to it that his wife and his four little children should not want. His money was gone, loaned without security to the Nation; but — he had trusted the nation's honor, and could it fail?

Well, indeed, for Haym Salomon that his dying gaze could not see into the future, could not see the nation

(Continued on following page)

#### Like a Library

MRS. NEWLYWED: I must go down to the bank this afternoon.

MR. NEWLYWED: What for?

MRS. NEWLYWED: The man made a mistake when I was in there this morning. He gave me back the same book that I gave him, and I intended to exchange it for somebody else's.

If there is a member of the Republican Old Guard in your home, send him a copy of Kipling for Christmas with this passage — we quote from memory — underscored: "Oh, East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet."

Grandma: Why not give him a drum?
Grandma: But suppose he don't bust it
— he's such a careful child!

Election night, as in the various crises with Germany, President Wilson waited for "the facts" before talking.

The only thing that western Republicans have against Christmas is that the Star was seen in the East.

WIFE: We cannot afford to buy new tires, and Christmas gifts both — and unless we buy gifts, we won't have a friend left —

HUSBAND: To ride in the car - great - we'll buy the tires!

Colonel Roosevelt will undertake a new and extraordinary role for him — that of the silent observer.

— Oyster Bay wire.

A man of his build should not flirt with apoplexy.



# BE GOOD TO YOUR KITCHEN

by installing in it a beautiful one-piece, white enameled "Standard" Sink, the "Aristocrat of the Kitchen",—and it will be good to you by lightening your labors and making the cleanest, most sanitary conditions certain.

Enjoy real kitchen comfort by putting in a

#### "Standard" Sink

which has no cracks, joints or crevices. For further description of the many styles write for folder also copy of "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures for the Home."

#### Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.

Dept. 70 PITTSBURGH, PA.

#### See "Standard" Sinks in any of the following Showroom

	NEW YORK	
	NEW YORK (EXPORT DEPT.) SO BROAD	
	BOSTON ISS DEVONSHIRE	
	PHILADELPHIA 1215 WALNUT	
	WASHINGTON SOUTHERN BLDG.	
	PITTSBURGH	
	CHICAGO	
	CHICAGO14-80 N. PEORIA	
	ST. LOUIS	
	CLEVELAND4400 EUCLID	
	CINCINNATI	
	TOLEDO	
	COLUMBUS248-255 S. THIRD	
	YOUNGSTOWN	
	WHEELING8120-80 JACOBS	
	ERIE128 W. TWELFTH	
0	LOS ANGELES	
	LOUISVILLE810 W. MAIN	
	NASHVILLE	
	NEW ORLEANS	
	HOUSTON PRESTON & SMITH	
	DALLAS 1200-1208 JACKSON	
	SAN ANTONIO212 LOSOYA	
	FORT WORTH	
	TORONTO, CAN	
	HAMILTON; CAN	
	BAN FRANCISCO OFFICERIALTO BLDG.	
	DETROIT OFFICEHAMMOND BLOG.	
	KANSAS CITY OFFICE RESERVE BANK BLDG.	

honoring others and forgetting him, could not see the nation ignoring the huge debt it owed, could not see his wife struggling for very existence with four little children to rear, could not see descendants petitioning Congress for payment of the debt and meeting

only failure.

But, surely, we say, the people bared their heads, drums beat the long and muffled tattoo, bells rang mournfully, flags were half-masted at his passing. These things one looks for in the land that honored its other patriots of that crucial time, that gave Washington and the Adamses and Morris and Franklin praise while they lived, tears when they died, and high places in history forever after. Ah, no. As he lies there in his coffin, a great man gone - beggared by his generosity to the land of his adoption - we turn to the annals of the time for manifestations of public sorrow. And - we find in the Pennsylvania Journal and Weekly Advertiser

of January 8, 1785, this obituary:
"On Thursday died Haym Salo-

mon, a broker.

That is all. He was a Jew. The tumult and the shouting of those old battles, old days, old hardships and old sacrifices, are gone and are forgotten. The money is no longer sought by the family, which is represented now by the founder's great-grandson, William Salomon, of William Salomon & Company, one of the famous bankers of New York. For a time, however, descendants tried to obtain repayments, and Congress after Congress was told by its investigating committee that the demand was just. When in 1844, Haym M. Salomon, younger son of the dead man, laid his facts before

(Continued on page 46)

Came Out All Right

MRS. WILLIS: What did you send Uncle Henry's boy for Christmas?

MR. WILLIS: A bib and a rattle.

MRS. WILLIS: Goodness, the boy must be a grown-up man by now!

MR. WILLIS: Yes, but it turned out all right. I had a letter from him thanking me for the beautiful lodge regalia and fraternity charm that I sent him.

Chairman Willcox seems disposed to hang up the election result along with his Christmas stocking.

The first show that Hughes attended after election was "Pollyanna." He has more of a sense of humor than we gave him credit for. As an appropriate closing feature of the campaign, Chairman Willcox might arrange a special performance of the "glad game" at Sagamore Hill.

Many people think they can buy the Christmas spirit in bottles.

Cut Glass

IFTS of Cut Glass and Engraved Glassware are now T being shown in a wide choice of design by the leading merchants of the country. Remember, always, that in purchasing Cut Glass or Engraved Glassware, you will best serve your own interests as to beauty of cutting and quality, by insisting that each piece bear the century-old Libbey trade-mark.

You will find Libbey Cut Glass at the leading dealers in every city.

THE LIBBEY GLASS CO. Toledo, Ohio



Protection against chilling of the body; often a forerunner of colds, pneumonia and rheumatism.

Famous over half a century for its superior qualities.

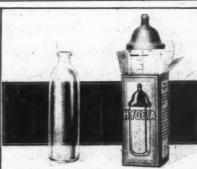
Every garment shaped to the figure and guaranteed not to shrink. Glastenbury Two-Piece, Flat-Knit Spring-Needle Underwear is made in fifteen grades, several weights of fine wools, worsted and merino.

Adjustable drawer bands on all except \$1.25 grade.

Natural Gray Wool, winter weight Natural Gray Wool, winter weight Natural Gray Wool, winter weight (double thread) Natural Gray Wool, light weight Natural Gray Worsted, light weight Natural Gray Australian Lamb's Wool, light weight Natural Gray Worsted, medium weight weight Natural Gray Australian Lamb's Wool, winter weight FOR SALE BY LEADING DEALERS Write for booklet - sample cuttings. Yours for the asking: Dept. 52

Glastonbury Knitting Co. GLASTONBURY, CONN.





Baby's Bottle is Washed 5000 Times

In two years' nursing your baby will feed from a bottle 5,000 times. Suppose the bottle is clean 4,901 times. Do you want your baby to run the risk of germs those other 99 times? The Hygeia can be cleaned clean every time. You can trust a servant to care for the Hygeia

Can you say so much for the old-fashioned, choked-neck bottle?

NURSING BOTTLE

neckless, as easy to clean as a glass tumbler, therefore safe and sanitary. And the rubber breast is broad and yielding yet non-collapsible—the nearest to natural nursing possible. A bottle endorsed by phy-sicians, nurses and think-

ing mothers everywhere.

Look for name Hygeia on bottle, breast and carton
THE HYGEIA NURSING
BOTTLE CO., Inc.

"EQUAL AND EXACT JUSTICE TO ALL MEN"-THOMAS JEFFERSON



## THE MAXWELL TOWN CAR \$915

WNERS find this car ideal for quick trips to the station, to the theater or club. Often it is placed at the disposal of guests during a prolonged visit.

The Maxwell Town Car will very often answer the same purpose as the limousine and other cars which are so expensive to operate.

Being built on the same chassis as other Maxwell Cars, it gives the same results in economy of upkeep and maintenance, combined with the reliability for which Maxwell Cars are noted.

The Maxwell Town Car is built especially to answer the requirements of an "extra" car-and when used in that capacity is undoubtedly the most desirable car on the market today-particularly on account of its economy in first-cost and after-cost.

The top is made in the landaulet style so that it may be opened in pleasant weather.

Maxwell

Motor Company, Inc. Detroit . Mich.



"EQUAL AND EXACT JUSTICE TO ALL MEN"-THOMAS JEFFERSON



## "As Warm as Toast!"

THE arms and necks of most women are accustomed to the varying temperatures of housewarmth and out-door cold. The blouses and dresses of to-day's fashions demand this gentle hardening.

Keeping deliciously, cozily warm is a matter of proper protection elsewhere, and wearing a soft tailored Union Suit assures you that comfort and safety. It may be all-wool, silk-and-wool, cotton or lisle, as you fancy, but its perfection of quality and fit are invariably the same-if you wear

#### MERODE (Hand Finished) and

## "HARVARD MILLS" (Hand Finished) Fine Gauge Ribbed UNDERWEAR

Not a want or weight has been overlooked in our designing for women and children's garments. There are garments made to snuggle you up from neck to ankle, and all the gradations between-without an unnecessary wrinkle of fabric anywhere.

Quality, fit, comfort, warmth. beauty and real value for your money are the things you want, and it is on these points that the American standard in underwear has been set by "Mérode" and "Harvard Mills" garments.

Every garment is cut individually by hand, cut accurately to fit perfectly, shrunk so that you may depend on that fit indefinitely, and hand-finished.

The best shops everywhere sell this beautiful and satisfactory underwear. Put it on your practical gift list for Christmas this year.

HARVARD KNITTING MILL (WINSHIP, BOIT & CO.) Wakefield, Massachusetts New York: 153-161 East 24th Street

(Continued from page 44) Congress, that body officially found

"The committee from the evidence before them are induced to consider. Havm Salomon as one of the truest and most efficient friends of the country in a very critical period of its history and when its pecuniary re-sources were few and its difficulties many and pressing. He seems to have trusted implicitly to the national honor . . . . . Abundant proof is presented that Haym Salomon rendered very essential aid to the cause of the Revolution, and, that he did so, judging by so many of his acts, disinterestedly, and from a sincere and ardent love for human freedom."

Again, under date of July 2, 1865, the Senate Committee on Revolutionary Claims said, in part:

"All the former reports from the committees of both houses show that Haym Salomon supported from his private means many of the principal men of the Revolution, who otherwise, as stated by themselves, could not have attended to their public duties, among whom are mentioned Jefferson, Madison, Lee, Steuben, Mifflin, St. Clair, Blond, Jones, Monroe, Wilson and others.'

Madison and later Webster, Clay and Calhoun all urged repayment of the debt. But it was never done. And, at a later date, one that brings us to the present day, President Taft, when in the White House, was to speak vigorously in favor of the erection of a suitable monument to Haym Salomon.

(Concluded on following page)

#### No Chance for His Wife

UNCLE EBEN (in front of theatre): How do I get into this here show?

THEATRE ATTENDANT (pointing, through entrance, to box-office window): You go in there first.

UNCLE EBEN: Wal, maybe I could squeeze by, but Mirandy's so fat she'd never git through that little cubby-hole in the wide

So dire are the prophecies as to what will happen to the United States when the war is over that one is tempted to revise for public use an old song of the sixties. Why not: "When That Cruel Peace Is With Us"?

SMALL Boy: What did you get for Christmas, Jimmie?

Big Boy: You're too young to be told morbid stories, Kid! Be happy wid your candy cane!

BLEECKER: This infantile paralysis is an awful thing!

BAXTER: It has it's merits - none of my wife's relatives in Squashville will visit us this Christmas!

"Of course you remember the poor at Christmas?"

"Always - the contrast makes me feel so deuced comfortable!"

## USWOCO FABRICS

Awarded Gold Medal Panama-Pacific



## Woolens and Worsteds

United States Worsted Company of Massachusetts

Boston, Mass.

ANDREW ADIE President

JOHN SIMSON Vice-President

C. W. SOUTHER Treasurer

New York Office and Salesrooms:

257-261FourthAve.

J. B. KIRKALDY Selling Agent

## "I Can't pay that bill to-day-

"The last cent of my bank balance has just been wiped out by a Raised Check"

He had promised to pay if the creditor wouldn't sue-had managed to scrape the money together, and put it in the bank; and now this check-raising has put him in a most embarrassing position.

How about the protection of your checks? What do you know of the honesty of every man into whose hands they may go?

Safety lies in writing and protecting every check with the

## Protectograph Check Writer TEN DOLLARS SIX CENTS

Amount words in Red Denominations in Black



Used by Banks, Government offices, business men everywhere.

Protectograph Check Writer writes in two colors and embodies the original principle of genuine check protection—vier shredding each character into the fibre of the paper and forcing indelible ink through and through the shreds. (Todd Patents)

There's a mighty interesting little book about check swindles written by a celebrated detective, which we will send free to anyone who sends request on his business letterhead. With the book we will also send samples of the work of the Protectograph Check Writer.

Todd Protectograph Co. (Established 1899) 1166 University Ave Rochester, N. Y.

"I come here," he said in an address in Washington, during his incumbency, "to second the motion for a memorial to the Jew who stood by Robert Morris, and financed the Revolution, the friend of Kosciusko and of Pulaski, both of whom have monuments here - a man who apparently gave all he had, for he had nothing when he died - or, at least, there was nothing except what he ought to have collected and did not - a man thrown into prison as a spy under Clinton . . . Who devoted his entire time and fortune to helping along the cause of the Revolution.

But - the debt is still unpaid, the monument unbuilt, and Haym Salomon dead these hundred years and more.

## **Essentials Left Out**

FRIEND: Did you ever read Hamlet's Advice To The Players?

ACTOR: Yes.

FRIEND: What do you think of it?

ACTOR: Very uninstructive. There isn't a word about contract-signing, press-agent work or posing for photographs. All it tells is how to act.

#### His View

THE HIGHBROW: Our solar system was discovered by Galileo, the famous scientist.

THE LOWBROW: Yes, but I'll bet when it came to installing it you had to hire a practieal plumber, didn't you?

MRS. Jones (the day before Christmas): But I thought you did your Christmas Shopping early?

MRS. BROWN: Yes - now I'm only looking!

"Why are you crying, little girl?"

"Oh sir - I was thinking suppose I should live to be as old as grandma - she's ninety eight!"

"Well?"

"Well, I'm eight! I wouldn't have but ninety more Christmases in all that time!"

"Oh, I say, Percy - do you intend buying me anything for Christmas?"

"Sure, old top - I shall spoil a ten on you at least!"

"Then would you mind lending me another ten, so that I can reciprocate?"

MOTHER (looking at cedar tree that Bobby has cut and brought home - time, a month before Christmas): Why, Bobbie - we couldn't get so large a tree into the house!

BOBBIE: Well, couldn't we enlarge the house before Christmas, if we get busy at once?

First call for the venerable gag about father and the pair of Christmas slippers!

Do you remember your last year's resolution to buy this year's gifts just after last year's holidays, when everything was cheap? And now aren't you sorry you didn't keep it?



1-1-

the 19 jewel Very-Verithin

Ultra gold-filled \$50 14k solid gold \$75

For this, the newest Gruen achievement, we claim, frankly, the greatest combi-nation of watch values, at the price.

Like all Gruen models, this Very-Verithin is guaranteed to perform day after day well within the timekeeping standards set by railroads.

It has 19 ruby jewels—set in raised solid gold settings. It is adjusted to six positions, to temperature and isochronism. Its movement is made of the finest hardened materials, and has every known improvement. Its very compactness insures its durability.

#### And-"Oh! Isn't it beautiful!"

This is the exclamation that seems to come involuntarily from everybody to whom "The Most Beautiful Watch in America" is shown. See it at the leading jewelers in your city.

Model No. VV50—Ultra-gold filled case (guaranteed to wear better than 25-yr. gold filled). Price \$50.00.

Model No. VV75-14k solid gold case. Price \$75.00. Louis XIV Dial, with raised gold figures, \$5 extra.

See the countersigned certificate of real value in the box, guaranteeing this watch under the "Gruen-Special-Service-System."

the "Gruen-Special-Service-System."

If your jeweler should not have this watch, write us naming model you are interested in, and we will arrange for you to see it. THE GRUEN WATCH MANUFACTURING CO., 34 Government Square. Cincinnati, Ohio. Makers of the famous Gruen Watches since 1874. Factories: Cincinnati, and Madre-Biel, Switzerland. Canadian Branch, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Patent train which made the Gruen Verithin pass





"Little Indian" "Seneca Junior" 8 " 55.00

#### VEST POCKET SENECA CAMERA

The Cameras with the focus fixed for you

Made in 2 sizes, the "Little Indian" takes pictures 1% x 2 ½ inches, the "Seneca Junior" takes 2 ¼ x 3 ¼ inch Both size pictures enlarge

pictures. Both size pictures enlarge beautifully.

These friendly little cameras are as inconspicuous as your watch, yet are as fast, accurate and easy to handle as any of the larger sonecas. Meet these little chaps anywhere you see a Seneca Agency sign and you will become

ASK YOUR DEAL-ER OR SEND TO-DAY FOR FREE SENECA HAND-BOOK.



SENECA CAMERA MFG. CO. 203 State St. Rochester, N. Y.

#### No Animal Matter in **Educator WAFERS**

HESE ALL-FOOD CRACKERS of America are made with Educator Entire Wheat Flour and Pure Spring Water.



#### Better Than Bread

Many families serve Educator Wafers on their tables daily, the same as bread. Buttered as eaten, Educator Wafers make everything else taste better and

#### Make You Want to Eat

Sold in packages, tins and by the pound by leading grocers. Booklet on request, telling about all the kinds of Educator Crackers, Cereals and Food Specialties.



JOHNSON EDUCATOR FOOD COMPANY 35 EDUCATOR BUILDING BOSTON

#### The Errors of Santa Claus (Continued from page 17)

added "What if we play a little game! With a double dummy, the French way, or Norwegian Skat, if you like. That only needs two."

"All right," agreed Ulvina, and in a few minutes they were deep in a game of cards with a little pile of pocket money beside them.

. . . . . .

About half an hour later, all the members of the two families were down again in the drawing-room. But of course nobody said anything about the presents. In any case they were all too busy looking at the beautiful big Bible, with maps in it, that the Joneses had bought to give to Grandfather. They all agreed that with the help of it, Grandfather could hunt up any place in Palestine in a moment, day or night.

But upstairs, away upstairs in a sitting room of his own, Grandfather Jones was looking with an affectionate eye at the presents that stood beside him. There was a beautiful whiskey decanter, with silver filigree outside (and whiskey inside) for Jones, and for the little boy a big nickel-plated Jew'sharp.

Later on, far in the night, the person, or the influence, or whatever it is called, Santa Claus, took all the presents and placed them in the people's stockings.

And, being blind as he always has been, he gave the wrong things to the wrong people -in fact, he gave them just as indicated above.

But the next day, in the course of Christmas morning, the situation straightened itself out, just as it always does.

Indeed, by ten o'clock, Brown and Jones were playing with the train, and Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones were making dolls' clothes, and the boys were smoking cigarettes, and Clarisse and Ulvina were playing cards for their pocket money.

And upstairs - away up - Grandfather was drinking whiskey and playing the Jew's-

And so Christmas, just as it always does, turned out all right after all.

"Thanks for this Bible, Aunty. I will think kindly of you every time I read it!"



MR. PELICAN: "I did all my Christmas shopping in one trip!"



A tire is a whole lot like a railroad mileage book-its value is determined by the distance it will take you. In figuring tire cost, "how much?" means nothing until checked against "how far?" The way to buy tires is by the mile.

#### TEMPERED RUBBER

If you really want to know which tire costs the least, put one Quaker and three other makes on your car, then let your speedometer settle the question.



Ouakers are adjusted on a 5000mile basis, but are sold at about a 3500mileprice Write to Dept. P. foracopy of "5000 Plus."

Quaker City Rubber Co. Philadelphia

## The Hose You Can Depend Upon

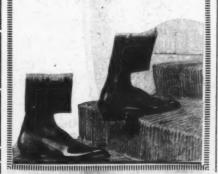
Men who wear silk hose exclusively find McCallum's the most satisfactory obtainable today.

Aside from their rich quality and perfection of shape and finish, McCallum Silk Hosiery give a sense of satisfaction that is invaluable to the man who appreciates good clothes. You can depend upon their good looks always.

Sold at the Best Shops

McCALLUM HOSIERY COMPANY

NORTHAMPTON MASSACHUSETTS





ON THE MISTLETOE
"Jiminy Christmas! A reserved seat!"

#### Her Itinerary

"Where are you going, My pretty maid?"
"I'm going a-shapping, Sir," she said.

"May I go with you, My pretty maid?"

"Why, yes, certainly; if you'll agree to chase with me from one store to another, up and down stairs and in and out of elevators, the way I've got to; wait for me to have a fitting; help me pick out some bridge prizes; give me the benefit of your advice in selecting Christmas presents for my four brothers; take me to lunch somewhere; carry a few bundles and bring me home in a taxi, "Sir." she said.

How time flies! Pretty soon we will begin to come across long stories in the mazagines entitled "How About 1920?"

As Maine goes so go the Republican newspapers.

Germany declares for a peace league, but it is safe to say that in any league of that soft she'd finish in the second division.

And now Germany complains that Russia was ready as long ago as 1912. That was certainly the height of ingratitude on the part of Russia.

If you live in an apartment don't forget the haul boys.

Christmas comes but once a year, but in many instances it atones for its infrequency by not wearing off until the following November.





## An Encyclopaedia of Outdoor Sports

TELLS everything worth while about numting, fishing, trapping, camping, and moderaft. Contains valuable information about queen and rifles. Sehing tackle, camp outlike, reare, and the contains and the contains

We will send you a copy of latest favor, togother with one of 3 colered castled sport pictures, size 92 15

"EQUAL AND EXACT JUSTICE TO ALL MEN"-THOMAS JEFFERSON



Lots of Pep



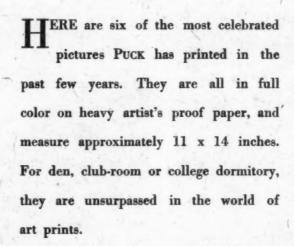
The Pearl in the Oyster



Latest in Evening Gowns



Take It From Me!





The Serenade

These pictures, carefully protected and all ready for framing, will be sent postpaid to any address on receipt of 25 cents per subject, in stamps or currency. Five subjects, sent to the same address, \$1.00.



Grape Shot

PUCK PUBLISHING CORPORATION

Madison Square, New York

#### The Seven Arts

(Continued from page 22)

crisply asked. "Don't be cross, baby! I'm thinking of you day and night." The girl scornfully interrupted: "Better sleep more and drink less, Luigi! Besides, after Friday you will think less of me, for I'll be away from here." "Cara mia, to-morrow is Christmas. You can't leave us during the holidays. And that dinner at the cabaret to-morrow night?" He fairly gasped. She sorrowfully shook her head. "No dinner for me, except what that good Mrs. Merit gives me." "She is a devil, your Mrs. Merit. First, she warns me not to speak to you through my window, then she asks for last month's board - as if I were a millionaire! Non! you will stay, Carla, for the sake of your Luigi." There is no use in blinking facts. Luigi had entrapped the virgin fancy of the young Danish-American girl who was studying singing in the chilly metropolis. She had come from a town in New England, and her allowance was exactly \$50 monthly. With that she paid for her board, tuition, clothes. Luigi earned \$25 a week at the cabaret, also a few tips from tipsy people, also what he could borrow. To show his love for Carla, he had asked her for \$10 last month. He must pay his tailor, else play in his underclothing. She gave it to him. And \$5 later; but at his further demand for \$2 she had demurred. He owed her already more than she could afford to lose. "Luigi" she murmured: "Can't you let me have the money? I must soon move, and I can't go penniless into another boarding-house. I have literally nothing." Her saucer-like eyes filled. She made a despairing gesture, opened her empty pocket book and looked at him appealingly. Luigi was startled: "Listen to that brute downstairs thump! Why you can hear him up on Fourteenth street." He made a vague wave of his hand in that direction. Then he kissed her shapely hand - it was too early to kiss her otherwise - leaped through his window, and she heard him in shrill voluble converse with the landlady. Ten minutes later, she saw Luigi leave the house, cross the street, and enter the Fanwood for his early cocktail. Carla was in despair.

The She leaned over the balcony. Northward was Fourteenth Meeting street with its clamor. A one-horse car listlessly trailed down the avenue. Those were leisurely days. Sunshine painted the block with a golden brush. In the warm air, there were vernal tints. The ugly brewery that barred the southern end of the street seemed to the girl a horrid premonition of Luigi's future. Again what was to become of her? She had twice overdrawn her allowance, and the old folks at home, worn out from scraping the dollars for her maintenance, had sternly written her that she would have to return if she couldn't get some remunerative work before next Spring. Yes - but what? She was not yet hineteen. She was comely. Her person was attractive. She might try the stage. Or the Salvation Army. She shuddered at the notion of either. Sundry

(Continued on page 53)



STAR HAM With Stockinet Covering

> An Exclusive Armour Feature Patent Applied For

## STAR HAM IS HOLIDAY HAM

The good cheer of the Yule-tide season demands a Star Ham to make it complete. Juicy, savory, tender and sweet-clove-studded and baked to

Extra fine flavor is insured by the Armour Star cure and is retained and intensified by the Stockinet Covering.

Try Armour's Bacon-Star Brand in strips-Veribest Brand, in cartons and glass jars. Look for Armour's Oval Label on food

products. It is a mark of highest quality.



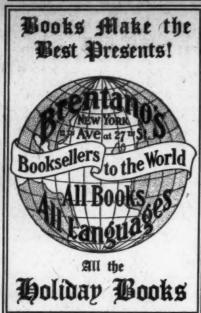
"The Ham What AM"

ARMOUR COMPANY
P-365 Nearly 400 Branch Houses

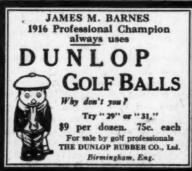
MELLOW MOONLIGHT MELLOW as a moon-bathed landscape M pure as a woodland stream—rich as the storehouse of Mother Earth—"old as the hills" -Cascade. Original Bottling Has Old Gold Label GEO. A. DICKEL & CO., Distillers, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED - AN IDEA!











#### Manna (Continued from page 21)

the writing desk by still another traveling salesman; the chair opposite by THE RED-RED-VIOLET WAYFARER and the chair at the writing desk by an exceedingly pretty girl who is addressing her fortieth postcard.)

STILL ANOTHER TRAVELING SALESMAN: Eh — huh, might I offer you my fountain pen?
THE EXCEEDINGLY PRETTY GIRL. Oh, thanks. I've finished now. How far're you going?

THE WAN WAYPARER: I? Oh, I'm just getting south of the Mason and Dixon line. THE EXCEEDINGLY PRETTY GIRL. On business?

THE WAN WAYFARER. Oh, no. Just satisfying a notion.

THE EXCEEDINGLY PRETTY GIRL: It must be nice to travel about just to satisfy notions. You must be rich. How much do you make? THE WAN WAYFARER: Rich? Oh, Lord, no! I broke myself making this trip. You see I—) The exceedingly pretty girl goes into the body of the car.)

(The scene changes.)

(Note: It will be remarked that nothing, save the motion of the train itself, in the foregoing two scenes advances the action of this piece.

#### SCENE IV.

A long alley of great trees leading to "The Hermitage" in the environs of Savannah.

("The Hermitage" is a tumble-down mansion of the Old South. At a little distance from the "Big House" is a number of slaves' huts, all of a pattern.)

THE WAN WAYFARER comes down the alley with two huge paper bags under his arms. He goes to one of the huts and kicks on the door: Hi, there! Anybody home? Open!

AUNT LUCE (a manny of some hundred summers opens the door and peers out.) Whutchall wan'? Don' go bussin' ma do' down lak dat, boy! Dat do' been dah since long 'fo' Ah been dah.

(The scene changes.)

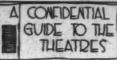
#### SCENE V.

The interior of the hut.

(Walls of logs and a floor of hard mud. A fireplace at one end.)

THE WAN WAYFARER: - so I stopped off at a mill on the road and got these sacks of coarse, white corn meal. Now, what I want you to do is to put some of this meal in a bowl, put in a little salt, then scald it with boiling water and make a paste of it. Then spread it out on a hot, thick skillet and fry it on both sides. Then while it is still hot, feed it to me with butter until I'm overcome. AUNT LUCE. 'Scuse me! But - y'all's been livin' wid dem Fed'rals er y'udda knowed dat de only way to make a hoe-cake stick tegeddeh when y' wants t' tuhn hit ovah is t' putt a splash o' col' watah in hit jus' afo' y' putts hit on de fiah, Is y'all ready, baby? THE WAN WAYFARER. Go to it, mammy! AUNT LUCE. A-a-a-awll ranghty! Ah'm shakin' ma feets!

(CHRTAIN





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By A. E. Thomas, based upon the novel by Alice Duer Miller. Fragrant, diverting, appealing.—World. The Seven Arts
(Continued from page 51)

memories stowed away in her subliminal consciousness now assailed her. And again she shuddered. She recalled her experiences in Berlin, where, two years before, she had studied music and - other arts. It was at Weimar she discovered her beautiful soprano. Master Liszt advised her to cultivate her voice instead of the keyboard. "Not," he grumbled in his amiable fashion, "because you have no talent for the piano; you have, all girls have, and all girls before the public play alike. I can't tell the difference, moi qui rous parle. Therefore, go little one, and take thy voice to a good teacher. Stay! Here is a card to my friend in Berlin, Dickotti, he will make a primadonna of you, if you have the stuff in you." And then the white-haired Master kissed her on the forehead, kissed her many times, always in his paternal way. He was ever fond of kissing pretty American girls; all nationalities were pretty to him. Liszt was a neutral in the war of the sexes. Carla had followed his advice, and lo! found herself on this particular Christmas Eve stranded in Gotham. A nice kettle of fish!

A voice aroused her from her reverie. She turned her head and saw a man staring at her from the window of Luigi. Her heart tugged in her bosom like a balloon at anchorage in a high wind. It was her Willie! "Good heavens, Jane! You?" cried Wilhorski. She ran to the window. "Will, Will, how do you come here?" He pettishly replied, and he no longer sported his Slavic accent: "Seeing that I'm your neighbor down stairs" - "What, you the monster, Wilhorski, that is driving me out on the streets! You, my old Willie Wilson"-"Hush!" he exclaimed, "but I can't stay in this room; I must speak to you in private. Here comes Mrs. Merit. Let me skip into the balcony." With that, he, displaying surprising agility for a man of his mature experience, legged it over the window-sill and a moment later he held the naive and blushing girl in his arms. Mrs. Merit, who had taken a peep at the proceeding, nearly fainted. Only a sense of her duty, of what she owed to the spotless reputation of her house, kept her listening (and not hearing anything as she informed her neighbor down the street, the worthy Mrs. Vob, landlady of No. 431/2.)

Untying the "But Jane, why all this Knot mystery? Why do you Knot call yourself Carla Engstrom? You are no more Scandinavian than" - "you are Polish, William. The celebrated Pan - isn't that Polish for Mister? -Pan Wilhorskil Plain William Wilson from the hills of New Hampshire. And I Jane Barn from Littleton. Oh! what fibs we all tell in the musical profession." She smiled at him roguishly. His face was as black as a thunder-cloud. He paced the room - they had retreated into her sanctum furnished with a small fron bed, a few chairs, a rickety table, and a cheap stencil upright piano. "Yes, but I'm the only living son of Liszt!" he defiantly retorted, "look at



SHORTSIGHTED OLD LADY: "My! what a beautiful set of white fox furs!"

my armband, of mourning. You are not even his daughter."

"A daughter of joy, do you mean?" she sneered. "I'm Carla Engstrom. It is to be my stage name. I made it up after reading Ibsen. It's just as good as your Russian-Polish fake name which you got from Beethoven's life. And now I am to go because you can't stand my poor little voice. Oh, Will, you always were an egotist." He swore under his breath, then slowly spoke: "Jane, you really do squall. Your voice is as sour as vinegar. You have much more talent for the piano. Why don't you study - study with me, for instance? In two years you will play well enough to get a position as teacher of course, with my influence - at the Alexander Conservatory uptown. Think of that, Hedda! I mean, Carla, Jane!" He paused. The girl gazed at her image in the cracked mirror. (It had once been with its gay, gilded moulding, an ornament in the faded parlor of the Merit family in Virginia). She weighed her words before uttering them: 'William Wilson, once I believed in you. Once I listened to your lying promises!" He started at her cruel language, for he was of a sensitive nature, like all pianists who imitate, on their instruments, the dreamy sounds, of a boiler shop in full blast.

But she refused to be cut short in her speech. "And, your Lordship, pray how am I to live in the meantime? Your piano, banging



CADDY: "Ye'd be a lot better, Mister, if yer pronunciation was a little more distinct."

below, nearly drove me crazy. Yet you ordered me out of the house. It's a wonder I didn't recognize your hammering touch before. Liszt always said you had no talent, that you should play billiards instead of the piano." Wilhorski writhed with rage. She went on, lifting her voice: "We never met here because I eat in the basement while the great virtuoso has his meals in his room. The son of Liszt, indeed! Your real father couldn't keep a piano in tune. He was the worst tuner in the hills. My father at least was a fair Sunday organist. I haven't a dollar, and you gas about my studying piano with you and about a future position. Are you married, yet?" She turned on him. He became as pale as whitewash. "No." he sulkily replied, "she divorced me. She said no family could last long with two prima-donnas in it -- " "Good for Nellie Smithers!" Carla joyfully clapped her hands. "She found you out. I knew she would, and I helped her a little to do it."

"Carla! Carla! Are you Denouement talking to yourself? Can't I come over? I've something to tell you." It was the seductive voice of Luigi. Carla's turn to grow white came. She shivered. "Is that the young Jackanapes I meet on the stairs. He looks like a dago fiddler. Tell me, Jane!" The pianist grasped her wrists so roughly that she bit her lips to keep from screaming. She called: "Wait Luigi! I'm dressing to go out. Don't come in for a minute, please!" She faced William Wilson. "It's Luigi Inverno, the famous violin virtuoso" the man reddened, "and" she pursued, "he has asked me to be his wife. I have consented." She pushed him to the door. "Now go, else it may mean trouble for us all. Shall I be your pupil or no?" He hissed in a transport: "You shall be my pupil. You shall stay here. I shall never give you up. Tell that whipper-snapper - " But by this time, she had closed the door on him as Luigi's face was framed in her window. Mrs. Merit, who had been hovering about the corridor, saw to her amazement, her distinguished first-floor tenant emerge from Carla's bedroom and she barely missed bumping into him as she hid herself in the bathroom. When she heard the Professor's studio door close, she boldly knocked at Carla's. It was promptly opened. "Mrs. Merit, won't you please forbid Signor Interno from entering my room unannounced," implored the modest girl, "That I will," cried Mrs. Merit, "you get out of here, young man, pack up your things and leave my house. As for you, Miss Engstrom, out you go, too, the day after Christmas." "I am to stay" timidly remarked the young girl, as soon as the discomfited Luigi had fled. "I am to stay; Professor Wilhorski, an old friend of mine, when we were both pupils of the great Abbé Liszt at Weimar, has asked me to become his pupil. Professor will be responsible for my expenses. And I think I'll soon have that\_church position." Mrs. Merit held up her work-weary hands. "My lands! but you artistic temperaments are hard to understand. I'm glad, Miss Engstrom, for your sake.\ And I've got such a lovely plump turkey for the Professor's Christmas dinner.'

#### Poetic Style.

I. Antique: (Tempo di minuetto).
Fair maid, your eyes are blue as skies
When not a cloud is in them;
Like crumpled roses seem your lips;
Ah, who can ever win them!
The nightingale must even fail
To rival you in singing.
Ah! being made for love alone
To me your sweetness bringing!

2. Modern: (Tempo di Bunnyhug).

Say there, you with the pale blue
I'm talking to you. [lamps,
I have a notion it's goin' to be
me, you and the minister.

Straight goods! Southern waffles
and molasses ain't in it
with your lips. Ummm!

Last night you ragged a bit of Irving
I'll eat last summer's lid Berlin.

as good as you.
You've got me on all fours takin' the
count.

Can put that syncopated stuff across

If any star on little old Broadway

Honest, kid, it makes me laugh tearylike to think you're such a prize package

And I, poor simp, have pulled the winnin' ticket!

Elias Lieberman.



#### Modern Advancement

Historians tell us that in olden times Christmas, instead of being a period of intense activity occurring toward the latter part of Indian summer, used to be a festival celebrated on December 25th. How quaint that sounds! Fancy the ingenuousness of those childlike folk, to wait till that day to send their gifts and greetings! How unsystematic! How irresponsible!— as though Christmas were a thing to be taken casually.

We of to-day know better. As early as the end of October our street cars are decked with holly and Christmas bells, garlanding announcements of special gift sales; and every news-stand looks as though it were Santa Claus's campaign headquarters.

This is the First Period. The Second is devoted exclusively to the problem of "What to get for Him (Her. It)."

The Third, or List-Carrying Period, is brought to a close with Thanksgiving, which celebrates the completion of your shopping. Now all your purchases are garnered,—except a few small after-gleanings for people that you thought at first wouldn't send you anything this year, but who you now fear may perhaps do so; and it is always best to be on the safe side.

The Fourth, or Bundling Period, is the most strenuous of all. Every gift must be wrapped in as many layers as possible. For your sentiment will be rated according to



-Drawn by P. D. Johnson

Of course, she believes in Santa Claus.

the amount of fancy tags and superfluous tissue you use. Clutter is supposed to be the criterion of affection. What counts is not the words that your tongue utters, but the stickers that it licks.

This period reaches its climax in the postoffice, in a parcel-window riot technically
known as a stampede. Then comes the
Storage Period. This begins about the time
that the incoming stream of cards changes
from Christmas greetings to New Year's
greetings, or, in other words, about December
10th. During this period are erected in the

living room and similar places of former convenience, pyramids of packages marked "Not to be opened till Christmas," — monuments to the generosity of your friends, and impediments to the movements of your family. Not a day but brings some new bulk, fit to stagger the imagination and stub the toe.

Now that your shopping and shipping are over, you can devote yourself uninterruptedly to hopping and tripping, until December 25th, that blessed day of rest after Christmas.

- Lawton Mackall.



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## Christmas Gift-Thoughts That Have Charm

This Store is ready with hundreds upon hundreds of Gifts Worth While.

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12

And yet are by no means expensive.

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Boudoir bag or yam holder of old rose or old blue silk-finished poplin. Gold galloon and gold lace trimmed. Rod top, moire silkon lined. \$3.75.



Boudoir bag or yarn holder of print-ed crash in bright colors. Padded fruit in color to blend. Gold galloon trimmed and moire silkon lined. Size 18x24 inches, \$3.98.



Soft round cushion, silk covered in rose, blue, green or gold. Gold galloons and gold lace trimmed. 22 inches in diameter. This is exceptionally fine value at \$3.98.



Crepe learner sewer box, pseudoci; lined with green moire silk.
Divided compartments with arrangements for rings, bracelets, watches, chain and strung jewels, etc.
Size when closed 7 1.4 inches wide by 3 3.4 inches high. \$12.98.



Women's "over-night" bag of fine vachette leather, gilt trimmed, Hand-somely fitted with twelve ivorine toilet articles: tooth-brush holder, pomade jars, comb, brush, aail-buffer and holder, buttonhook, cuticle scissors, nail-file and soap holder.

The bag is 16 inches wide and 10 1-2 inches high. \$22.98.



Two of the wide varieties in cake, rwo of the wide varieties in cake, crackers for candy boxes, artistically stencilled on tin, in quaint and lovely patterns attractively colored. The larger box is 11 inches in diameter. \$2.49.

The smaller box is 81-2 inches in diameter. \$1.35.

#### The Same Old Christmas Story (Continued from page 25)

"Mother . . . we're cold!"
Skilled by long experience in the makeshifts of poverty, she took the front door off the hinges, and laid it gently over them. At length they slept; the lines of pain faded from their little faces, to be replaced by the smiles of pleasant dreams.

With a bitter sigh, the widow resumed her task. Then startlingly, a pair of arms went around her neck; she looked up into the eyes of her boy Reginald, who worked at the Seaview Golf Club.

"Dear mother," he said, as he kissed her without removing the Fatima from his mouth, "Haven't you finished yet?"

"No, dear . . . and I must have this done, and get my pay, or the landlord . . . " She shuddered as she brushed the hot ashes from

"Mother, have you always got to do such hard work? Isn't there anything easier, or anything that will pay you better? Great Heaven, is there no moral justice in all this city?"

"No," she said brokenly, "not one." Tears welled to her eyes, but she wiped them quickly away, for she had taken up the embroidered canvas derrick-cover once more, and feared lest the drops should fall upon and injure the delicate fabric.

"Well . . . what did the babies ask for?" "See for yourself," she said. "Reginald, it breaks my heart . . . . "

The boy turned from the childish scrawls attached to the Holeproofs.

"I know. . . the worst of it is that they'll have to be disappointed . . . "

"I was afraid of that, dear boy - "

"I've got two dollars; and there's Pol Roger to buy, and oatmeal. . . . I don't see . . He clenched his puny fists, and laughed villainously, as in the third act. "Oh, what's the difference?" he said. "Suppose we are hungry the day after - we're used to it! But to be hungry in the soul on Christmas! No! Those kids are going to have what they want!"

"Reginald! Listen, dear! You musn't ... it's the rent, too . . . you musn't! You're not Creosote - "

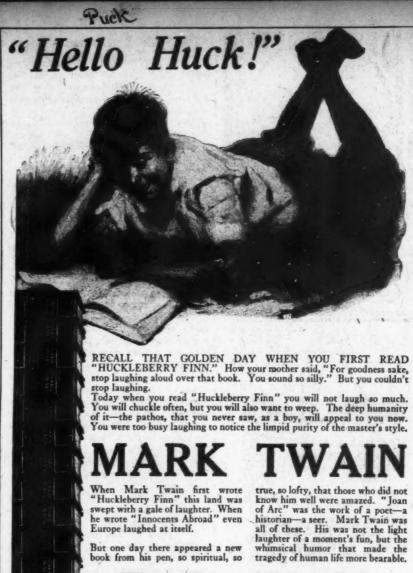
He paused in the doorway and gave the Chihuahua salute.

"No, mother," he said quietly. "But to the kids I'm something better yet - I'm Santa Claus!"

Hetherington looked at the clock. It was a typical club clock. It struck nine, and since the hands were pointing to twentyseven minutes of four, that proved that it was exactly nineteen minutes past ten. It was time!

He ordered a taxicab; to his amazement there were none to be obtained. Even the chauffeurs, it seemed, were celebrating. He ordered a motor truck - they were all engaged. Dauntless, he set out on foot. He fought the storm to the shopping district. A United Cigar store yet remained open . . . . recklessly he ordered whatever suggested itself to his untutored imagination. Toys and dolls, a drum, candy, books, flowers, a

(Continued on page 57)



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great place.
His fame apread through the nation. It flew to the ends of the
earth, till his work was translated
into strange tongues. From then
on, the path of fame lay straight
to the high places. But his troubles were not over. At the height
of his fame he lost all his money.
He was heavily in debt, but
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afresh and paid every cent. It
was the last heroic touch that
drew him close to the hearts of
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PURE FOOD A Pleasant Beverage at A Pure Wholesome Tonic

#### The Same Old Christmas Story (Continued from page 56)

dark-lantern, a Teddy bear, an air-rifie, handkerchiefs, a Rolls-Royce, a turkey, vegetables . . . the complete order was stupendous,

"Send them," he directed, "to 9870 Riverside -

"Sorry, sir. The last delivery has gone." "Gone!"

"Yes, sir. Gone."

He looked at the enormous pile, and for a moment he wavered. You could have seen him do it.

"No - they shall not be disappointed! Wrap them carefully, my good man, in a small, compact package - I'll carry them myself!"

Twenty minutes later, burdened almost beyond his immense strength, he faced the storm once more. The street was slippery with thousands of dollars worth of ice, but he staggered courageously onward. He fell frequently, breaking something nearly every time. Once it was a soda-biscuit; once it was the drum-head; once it was a couple of legs; but still he staggered on. His ears were frost-bitten; his arms ached fearfully; his vegetables were frozen solid; but still he staggered on; until at last, several hours after he had reached the absolute limit of his endurance, he saw the lights of the Drive twinkling fitfully before him, and knew that his journey was at an end.

He reached the house; he stumbled into the hallway. He staggered up one flight. Two Flights. Three flights. Four flights. Five flights. Six flights. Seven flights. Eight flights. Nine flights. Then he thought to ask where the widow lived. They said it was on the second floor.

He gained the landing. The door was gone; but he didn't notice it. His mood was above such things. He knocked on the place where the door ought to be and went in. As he stood in the embrasure, coated with snow, weighted down by bundles tied with holly tape, the widow stared at him keenly . . . recoiled . . . screamed . . . and prepared to faint.

The children lifted sleepy heads; all at once they scrambled from the bed, and leaped towards him.

"Santa Claus!" they shricked in mad triumph. "Santa Claus!" Hetherington went down under the numbing crash of a sand-bag on his occipital bone; four wild captors pounced upon his chest,

"Hurray!" shouted Gwendolyn. "Hit him with the brick in the Tribune, Percy! It's Santa Claus and we've got him!"

#### IV

When he was on his feet, shaken, indignant, he perceived that the widow was leaning breathless against several of the walls. One hand clutched at her breast; the others moved spasmodically towards him.

"Robert!" she choked. "Robert!" Hetherington reeled dizzily.

"Clarice . . . you . . .

"It ain't Robert . . . it's Santa Claus!" wailed Rosamond, clinging to his coat-tails. He kicked her off.

"They said you were dead, Robert . . . (Continued on page 58)

Substantial **Holiday Cheer** 







The Same Old Christmas Story (Continued from page 57)

they showed me a certificate from a mortuary establishment . . . we never heard from you ... they forced me to marry against my

"Them papers was forged! I . . . I came here to make my fortune . . . when I wrote home, they said you were married . . . . life has been more or less nothing to me since

"I thought you hadn't cared . . . "

"Cared! I loved you! And you have been . . . here!"

"When Himself died, Himself left nothing . . I have had to support my babies . . . I am an embroiderer for the Derrick-Cover Company - "

He paled, and put a hand to his throat, and throttled himself.

"Oh . . . the irony of it!" he gasped, tearing himself loose — "It . . . it can't be true! Oh, the pity of it! Clarice . . . it was with that company that I first found work . . . and now I'm the president of it . . . . the largest stockholder . . . I'm Harrington Hetherington!"

She smiled weakly.

"So - you changed your name, too! That explains all. It wouldn't have been so hard, Robert, if I could have remembered . . . . or dreamed . . . that somewhere you were still living . . . and thinking of me . . . and for the last nineteen years I've had a warrant out for you for breach of promise, and a civil summons for you on account of the sixty dollars you borrowed from Dad the day

He went swiftly to her, and took her in his arms.

"Dearest," he whispered, "you're free now . . . is it too late for me to make amends? Can't I atone for the past? Can't I Clarice?"

"What a funny Santa Claus!" said Isaac to Gwendolyn, as they opened another package, and extracted the trading stamps. "He's kissing mother ... isn't it funny? His nerve is all right - but what do you

think of his taste!"

The churchbells chimed the hour of midnight. Reginald, bearing three or four small parcels, came noiselessly into the room, and halted, spellbound. Hetherington, his arm nearly all the way around the widow, sat on the floor, surrounded by toys and laughing children. A christmas tree stood in the corner. A magnificent fire rattled in the radiator. Food was burning on the stove. A bucket of gold eagles hung on the gas-jet.

"Mr. Hetherington!" The boy's hand went up in salute. "Yes, sir," he said automatically. "Rye high, sir."

The wealthy clubman laughed gleefully. "Come in, old fellow . . . come on in, St. Nick! Sometimes we get what we ask for after all! Bless you, my boy . . . you don't know what you've done for us! You're going to be my boy . . . do you know that? And you're going to college; and your brothers and sisters are going to be educated, whether they like it or not; you're all coming to live with me and be rich and unscrupulous ..., come on in, 365, this time I'm Santa Claus . . . and it's Christmas!"

Peace on earth; good form among gentlemen.

Those wizards of electricity, Thomas A. Edison, Charles P. Steinmetz, Nikola Tesla and W. S. Franklin, have each contributed an article on "The Future of Electricity" which will be published in Collier's during America's Electrical Week. This combination prophecy by these men will be of wide-spread interest—their message is for everyone everywhere. Read it in the December 2nd issue of



# DEITIES

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